

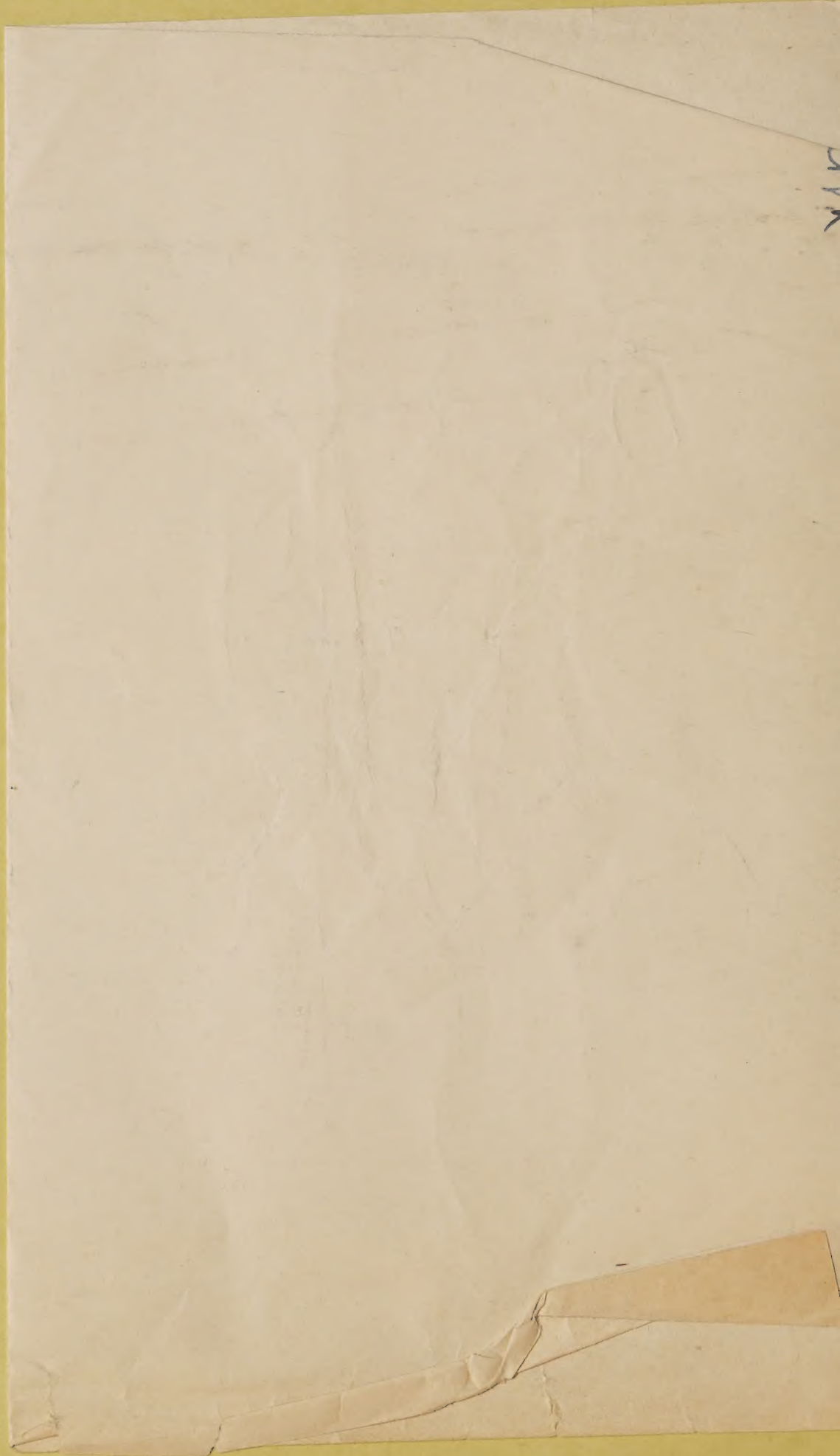
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"About 1909," answered Brannigan, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"You'd been over here eight years. Were you used to America? Had you become a citizen? Did you like the country?"

"Sure. Sure. Sure. --to all three of them," answered Brannigan. "What the hell, do you think an Irishman has to serve an apprenticeship in America before he becomes used to it? But let me get on with my story. We made money on the saloon business in Oakland but there was a girl over here in San Francisco and an old Irishman high up in city politics who had become a very good friend of mine. Besides I always wanted to open a printing shop. I thought I was a fine printer then, sure, I had a lot to learn. Well, the combination was hard to beat, so in 1911, I came to San Francisco, opened another saloon, bought into a little printing shop, got married and entered politics, rather, I was pushed into politics. I never held any offices but I sure made many of the boys."

"Bright young men who fail at law,

Need not join the jobless tramps
But to the Legislature go
As politicians' rubber stamps."
recited Markell.

"Shut up," grinned Brannigan. "I never picked out lawyers. They're too tricky. But I surely learned then a man doesn't have to hold office to be a political power in this man's town."

"True," said Markell, "but tell me, Mike, what do you think of your children in relation to America and also to Ireland. You've got four children, haven't you?"

"Three sons and a daughter", answered Brannigan, "all grown up. Well, as far as Ireland is concerned they don't give much thought to the old country. They were born here, they went to school here, they're Americans. I guess you can't blame them, but sometimes I think they lose a lot. Of course, to them, as to most Americans, murder, massacre, deportation, torture, house-breaking, shooting, hanging are merely words. But these are words that cover British cruelty in Ireland through the centuries. They burn in the heart of every Irishman and have moulded his character and have influenced the history of every country he ever fled to for shelter. Witness the Irishmen in Washington's armies! Well, do you think you've got enough?"

"I think so," said Markell.

"I've tried to give you," Brannigan said, "a little insight

into the Irishman's character and the influences in both America and the old country that made his character. If I've done that I think it's more important than knowing the name of my great aunt's pet cat or how many potatoes I ate on Easter Sunday in 1896. Of course if you want that come back some time and I'll dig it up for you. Just say I've been a miner, a section foreman, an engine wiper, a brakeman, a saloon keeper, a political leader and a printer, and after being a political leader, if you can call it that, I'm proud to be a printer again."

"I know what I'd call it," answered Markell, "but I can understand your pride in being a printer again. I used to edit a couple sheets for a senator once. But tell me--what do you think of Ireland now?"

"She has never been more prosperous or contented," said Brannigan decidedly, "and she'll remain so as long as England keeps her dirty hands out of Irish affairs. But England won't. You mark my words! And now, you tell me something. Do you understand what I've been telling you?"

"Sure, of course I do," Markell answered.

"I wonder!" said Brannigan.

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"Sure. Sure. Sure. --to all three of them," answered Brannigan. "What the hell, do you think an Irishman has to serve an apprenticeship in America before he becomes used to it? But let me get on with my story. We made money on the saloon business in Oakland but there was a girl over here in San Francisco and an old Irishman high up in city politics who had become a very good friend of mine. Besides I always wanted to open a printing shop. I thought I was a fine printer then, sure, I had a lot to learn. Well, the combination was hard to beat, so in 1911, I came to San Francisco, opened another saloon, bought into a little printing shop, got married and entered politics, rather, I was pushed into politics. I never held any offices but I sure made many of the boys."

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"True," said Markell, "but tell me, Mike, what do you think of your children in relation to America and also to Ireland. You've got four children, haven't you?"

"Three sons and a daughter", answered Brannigan, "all grown up. Well, as far as Ireland is concerned they don't give much thought to the old country. They were born here, they went to school here, they're Americans. I guess you can't blame them, but sometimes I think they lose a lot. Of course, to them, as to most Americans, murder, massacre, deportation, torture, house-breaking, shooting, hanging are merely words. But these are words that cover British cruelty in Ireland through the centuries. They burn in the heart of every Irishman and have moulded his character and have influenced the history of every country he ever fled to for shelter. Witness the Irishmen in Washington's armies! Well, do you think you've got enough?"

"I think so," said Markell.

"I've tried to give you," Brannigan said, "a little insight

into the Irishman's character and the influences in both America and the old country that made his character. If I've done that I think it's more important than knowing the name of my great aunt's pet cat or how many potatoes I ate on Easter Sunday in 1896. Of course if you want that come back some time and I'll dig it up for you. Just say I've been a miner, a section foreman, an engine wiper, a brakeman, a saloon keeper, a political leader and a printer, and after being a political leader, if you can call it that, I'm proud to be a printer again."

"I know what I'd call it," answered Markell, "but I can understand your pride in being a printer again. I used to edit a couple sheets for a senator once. But tell me--what do you think of Ireland now?"

"She has never been more prosperous or contented," said Brannigan decidedly. "and she'll remain so as long as England keeps her dirty hands out of Irish affairs. But England won't. You mark my words! And now, you tell me something. Do you understand what I've been telling you?"

"Sure, of course I do," Markell answered.

"I wonder!" said Brannigan.

Brannigan was sitting at his littered desk, reading proof, when Markell entered. It was the noon hour and the shop was quiet, the linotypes were still.

"Well", said Brannigan, "I've known you for fifteen years and sure never before have you given a hoot about my history. Now you want the whole story. What's the big idea?"

"I'm on the W.P.A.", Markell answered, "digging up copy on the immigrants of different races, their reactions to America. Understand? I want to get the true slant of the Irish immigrant."

"You'll never get that," said Brannigan, "Until you get the background of the Irishman, and you know that perhaps as well as I do. But what do you want of me? Dates? Details? What day I left Ireland? What day I landed? What ship I came over on?"

"No," answered Markell. "I don't think so. I may be wrong, but give me some color. Let me hear you talk."

"And who can do that better than I can?" asked Brannigan. "Well, I'll tell you. The first thing I remember when I hit New York--"

"--was the Statue of Liberty," broke in Markell, "the massive monument that stands in the harbor of New York and welcomes the eager immigrant to the land of tolerance, peace and prosperity. The land where hypocrisy is unknown, where snobbishness and king worshipping is abhorred. The land where the silk hatted banker

stretches out an eager hand to the over-alled workman who passes him on the street. The land where every man is his brother's equal!" -- "I know this is true," finished Markell, "because I've read it somewhere in a book."

"You're in a fine humour this beautiful day, aren't you?" said Brannigan. "Better take a malted milk."

"I thought you'd see the light after a while," said Markell, "Now, go on and talk."

"I will, if you'll let me. Well, the first thing I saw when I walked up a New York street was a tall skinny guy come jogging along in a pair of pajamas, with his hands stuck up his sleeves and a pig-tail down his back. Sure, and I thought it was an Indian. I'd never seen a Chinese before. I just stared open-mouthed at him and he stared at me and who stared the harder or looked the funnier, I'll leave to you. Well, a big cop came along and told me to move on. I got kind of sore but he was from County Leitrim, my old home county, and we became good friends. He told me--"

"Ah, you're skipping all over the place," Markell broke in, "I don't know the value of this. What year was it?"

"Nineteen hundred and one," said Brannigan, "and I was twenty years old. On my own, too, with a married sister out in Butte, Montana, who seemed a million miles away. I had only a vague idea about how to get there but I wasn't worrying any. I had a

little money and I was in America. That was the main thing?"

"Why the main thing?" asked Markell.

"Because I'd always wanted to come to America," Brannigan answered, "as every Irish boy growing up in those days dreamed of America and wanted to come here. But let's get back to Ireland and I'll give you the background you want. We had a little cottage and about an acre of land--land that had been tilled for centuries until it was all worked out. But we managed to live, though there were a lot of us Brannigans. Yes, live, in a way, what with the rotten laws and taxes and landlords. But many's the time I went hungry, as my mother and father and sisters and brothers went hungry. Do you know why?"

"I think so," said Markell.

"You think so? You know so. Britain! British laws, British treachery, British imperialism! Why, for seven hundred years Ireland was under the domination of the most cruel and hypocritical imperialistic government in the world. And yet, Ireland survived. With schools and churches closed, with the young men who should have been peacefully working the fields constantly on the run, with the country covered with British soldiers, Ireland came through. The people starved while their good meat, and bread and butter went to fill British bellies. And when they rose up as they did time and time again they were usually crushed before they started. For England had her spies everywhere. Years ago she

threw her colonists into the north of Ireland under the protection of the guns of her soldiers, and took over six counties, Ulster. 'Divide and conquer' has always been Britain's method and this is the way she divided Ireland. What happened? The Englishmen married, perhaps they married among the Irish, bad luck to the Irish, but, any way, the North Six Counties were a part of Ireland proper but they gradually grew mostly British. Then to support all her lying propaganda in the eyes of the world England has always made Ulster out as a little white angel, and all the rest of Ireland as a place of bums, drunks and illiterates. Every rotten trick she knows she has used through the years, to turn Protestant against Catholic, because in that way she keeps a firmer grip on the throat of Ireland. So when she sets Protestants and Catholics shooting each other down in the streets of Belfast or turns the northern counties and the southern counties against each other, sweet Britain who is so quick to go to the defense of small nations, always folds her hands piously and says to the world: 'Look! The Irish are fighting again. They are not fit to govern themselves. You see why I have to rule them?' And for years the world fell for that lying propaganda."

"But what--what has--" Markell began.

"But what--what has--" mocked Brannigan. "You asked for my background, didn't you? And the background of every Irishman who

ever shook the dirt of the old sod from his feet. Well, I'm going to give it to you and I won't have to use notes as references either. I know it all by heart. Go back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when men, women and children were shot, burned and hanged, and the livestock driven off and the fields burned and ploughed under. During those terrible days the ditches and roads were full of dead people with their mouths and hands all colored green from eating grass and nettles and all kinds of leaves. Come along with me, my boy, up to the time of Cromwell and get more of the Irishman's background. One million Irish were killed then in a little while, thirty thousand men, women and children were massacred at Drogheda, and the same thing happened at Wexford, Dundalk and countless other cities. And what does the pious Cromwell do? He folds his dripping hands together and he gets down on his British knees and thanks God that only a few Irishmen escaped with their lives and these were manacled prisoners to be shipped to the Barbados. There was an organized slave traffic at that time, with the English shipping Irish men and women, boys and girls to the Barbados. How do you like it?" Brannigan broke off.

"Go on," said Markell.

"In a little while and I'm through," snarled Brannigan.

"Come up to the eighteenth century and the penal laws, as Edmund Burke says, the worst form of tyranny mankind ever devised. You have the Irishman now, my boy, rising up in 1798 and again fail-

ing. During that time over a hundred thousand were butchered and that's not counting the ones who died from torture. Men were taken out at any and all times and put through tortures the lowest savages wouldn't inflict. The Irishman knows what the pitch-cap is, and half hanging. Thousands died under the lash, and to make it worse, the British soldiers forced wives, children, parents, sisters to look on while their loved ones were being mangled. This was the way the present day defender of the rights of small nations tried to subjugate Ireland. Why man, there was more misery in one little Irish county than in the whole of Europe. Well, after '98, what with slavery and perpetual famine, the Irish were too tired to make much resistance. All through the nineteenth century hunger and misery stalked the land. The wheat crop was just as good, there were as many cattle as ever before but all these were sent to England to pay the rack-rents of absentee landlords, sent to England while starving people looked on and British soldiers pointed ready rifles at them. Yest, that's my background and, as I said before, it's the background of every real Irishman that ever left the old country--just hatred of an imperialistic, tyrannical power that for seven hundred years forced Ireland into abject misery. This would be hard enough for a backward and illiterate people but the Irish are a proud race. Hell, we were a nation of poets and scholars when the British barbarians were still painting their bodies and selling their wives and children like horses. The Irish took the English and

taught them like children, and how were they repaid? As England repays any nation that befriends her, with trickery and fraud and underhandedness, masquerading under the guise of diplomacy. Bah! The only trouble with this world today is British imperialism which is backed by the soul-less international bankers, and no one knows it better than the Irishman."

"O. K.!" said Markell.

"Now don't argue with me!" snarled Brannigan. "Don't get me started."

"I'm not saying anything," answered Markell, "but what you have been telling me is the major reason for so many Irishmen scattering over the world?"

"Aren't you bright?" said Brannigan. "Of course. In Ireland we walked a country that was our own and yet, we always walked with the knowledge it was ruled by England. Why, even in my day, a group of men standing around talking were always under suspicion. For though the fires of bitterness might die down for twenty years, a hundred years, always uppermost in the Irishman's mind was the day when Britain and her soldiers, and all her northern Britishers and all her Dublin Castle Irish would be driven into the sea. I've heard it talked a hundred times around the peat fire on a stormy night. Someday, someday! But until that day came, the young Irishman had no hope for the future unless he looked for some soft job that would be dealt out by British emis-

saries, British job holders. So after a while as the young Irishman grew up and nothing came of all the revolutionary plans, and he could look back on Irish history and see the failures of his ancestors, and Britain's hold upon Ireland became tighter and tighter, naturally, he turned his thoughts to other lands, America especially. Why, the young Irishmen left the old country in droves. If my memory is correct the population of Ireland fell from nine million in 1841, to four million in 1911. Where else, in a so-called civilized world, can you find anything equal to that? Of course, in America, the Irishmen usually had relatives who had been successful, some very successful. Again it was a country for which his people had fought and died."

"I understand," said Markell, "but how did America affect you when you first came here?"

"Well," mused Brannigan, "that was a long time ago but I remember I didn't feel as much a stranger as I thought I would when I left Ireland. Of course, leaving the old folks was tough, but here's a point that may explain why Irishmen in America more often than not rise to positions of influence in government or business. Back in the old country, there was always that cloud over the hearts and minds of men. In America this was all changed. It was like taking the shackles off an Irishman for he could be more an Irishman in America than he could in Ireland. There weren't any Britishers, seen or unseen, to keep him down. Yes, I really

think the oppression of the Irishman has had a great deal to do with the way he goes up when he gets to America. He bounces quicker, if not higher, than the immigrants of other races. Do you get it?"

"I think so, " said Markell, "but what did you do after you hit New York?"

"I stayed there for a couple of months and made some friends, but I didn't like it. I wanted to get out into the country so I went out to Butte, Montana, to visit my sister, rather, live with her. There were a great many Irishmen in Butte, but it's one of the ugliest dumps in the world, so after a while I moved on. I was just looking around then, I guess. I lived in Reno for a while and worked in a blacksmith shop and also in a printing shop where I learned to handset type. Then I went to Sacramento and worked in the Southern Pacific yards. About that time there was a big strike in Nevada and I went to Goldfield where I worked in the mines. I made some money on wildcat stocks, but I've still got a lot in my trunk you can have to paper your room. Goldfield at that time was crowded with Irishmen. I can mention a score right here in San Francisco who were there then. In Goldfield, I met Wingfield, McDevitt, "Tex" Rickard and a lot of other old timers who made Nevada history. I came to San Francisco a little after the fire; rather, I went to Oakland. Oakland was a live town then. Baseball and the boogie-cage were in their hey-day; the nags

were romping at Emeryville; gambling joints dotted Broadway and Washington like fly specks on a Howard Street bill-of-fare. And below Sixth Street, well, Oakland was a live town then. I bought into a saloon with a friend out near the ball park on San Pablo Avenue. We--"

"Wait a minute," said Markell, "what year was this?"

"About 1909," answered Brannigan, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"You'd been over here eight years. Were you used to America? Had you become a citizen? Did you like the country?"

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"Sure, of course I do," Markell answered.

"I wonder!" said Brannigan.

Dec. 11, 1934.

Story of an Irish Immigrant
who came to America in 1909.

I was born near the town
of Clane, Dublin County, Ireland.
My father was a farmer and
raised fine cattle and horses
which he sold in the open
market and traded at the
fairs.

I was the tenth child of
a family of 19 - 11 boys and
8 girls. Some of my older brothers
and sisters I had never seen
until I came to this country
and some of the younger ones
that did not leave Ireland
I have never seen.

As a young lad I helped
around the farm and sometimes
went to fairs with my father
and some of the older brothers.
On these trips I helped with
the cattle and horses in un-
stringing but also found time to
look around at the sights
and amusements that were
there.

When I was 16 I was sent to the Christian Brothers School in Dublin. There I took the regular course of study for three years.

After leaving school I went back to my father's farm and stayed there for a short time while arrangements were being made to send me to my sister in San Francisco.

When I left home I was ~~was~~ well fitted out and traveled comfortably to my destination. Some Irish people that had made their home in San Rafael California, were traveling home on the same boat after a visit to their people in Ireland.

Mutual friends introduced me to these people and they took me into their party. This made the trip less lonely and I learned a great deal about American ways before I landed.

The trip from home to San Francisco was without any unusual happenings tho a rather

of wonder to me as I in spite
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a greenhorn.

When I arrived at S. F.
I was met by my sister and
her husband who was in
the S. F. Fire Department, and
with them I made my home
for a few weeks until I got
my bearings.

The friends that I had met
on the steamer arranged for me
to take a position in the house
of the parish priest at San
Rafael. There was practically
no money in this job but I
got acquainted with a number
of people and these acquaintances
together with the culture
prevailing in the establishment
some of which I could not help
absorbing thus daily contact
have helped me a great deal
besides I became quite American-
ized.

I stayed in the priest's house
for about a year. Then I got a job

in San Francisco - tending bar.
 This bartender's job was not as
 bad as it sounds. The place
 where I went to work catered to
 business men's trade and was
 conducted as a strictly first
 class place. I had been trained
 to be courteous without being
 servile and soon became well
 liked by the customers.

The saloon, it is hardly
 necessary to say, was run by an Irishman
 and he had very ~~set~~ ^{set} ideas
 about the conduct of his business.
 He allowed no rowdyism in his
 place and demanded strict
 attention to business and honesty
 on the part of his bartender. I
 opened up at 7 A.M. and closed at 7 P.M.,
 with a couple of hours off in the
 afternoon. On the whole it was, I
 considered, a good job.

When we entered the World War
 I was called in the second draft.
 By that time I had taken out my
 citizenship papers and was a legal
 American tho I did not like the

idea of fighting on the side of the English.

A thousand of us recruits were sent to Camp Lewis, Washington. In this lot had been drafted two Sam Francisco policemen with whom I was slightly acquainted and, as I figured that they, on account of their police training, would get at least a "one job" I made myself as useful to them as possible, looking after their baggage and doing errands for them. My hunch was right; both of my friends got top sergeant's jobs and there I was made a corporal.

The training at the camp was hard work with no let up. There was a good deal of grumbling but I saw this was of no use so I buckled down to my training and applied myself to the manual of drills, etc. I also acquired such other knowledge as I could. Before we left for France I was a sergeant and stayed one until I was mustered out.

The trip to France was of

VI

pleasant. Our ship was the *Barath* and in spite of her size we were crowded. However it was not long till we got to Bordeaux. No subs showing up tho' we had several scares. In France we had more drill and gun practice. I was in the Light Artillery. They kept moving us nearer and nearer to the front but just when we expected to be sent in, the Armistice was signed. We did however join in the bombardment of the German lines after this and the Germans gave no back shell for shell. We lost a few men and had some wounded in this. The only experience I had in actual warfare.

Soon after the Armistice we were sent home. I was in the 9th Division and we got a grand reception in San Francisco our home town.

After I was mustered out I started looking for work. Prohibition was due soon so my

old vocation would soon be a thing of the past.

I was willing to try anything and one of my old customers whom I met one day, gave me a chance in his firm, a manufacturing concern.

I got along well and after a few years was promoted to foreman of a department, a job that I still hold.

Edward Jordan.

I was born near the town of Clonsilla, Dublin County, Ireland, my father was a farmer and raised fine cattle and horses which he sold in the open market and traded at the fairs.

I was the tenth child of a family of nineteen, eleven boys and eight girls. Some of my older brothers and sisters I had never seen until I came to this country and some of the younger ones that did not leave Ireland I have never seen.

As a young lad, I helped around the farm and sometimes went to fairs with my father and some of my older brothers. On these trips I helped stringing the cattle and horses, but also found time to look around at the sights and amusements that were there. When I was sixteen, I was sent to the Christian Brother's School in Dublin. There I took the regular course of study for three years.

After leaving school I went back to my father's farm and stayed there for a short time while arrangements were being made to send me to my sister in San Francisco.

When I left home I was well fitted out and traveled comfortably to my destination. Some Irish people who had made their homes in San Rafael, California were traveling home on the same boat after a visit to their people in Ireland. Mutual friends introduced me to these people and they took me into their party. This made the trip less lonely and I learned a great deal about

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The trip from home to San Francisco was without any unusual happenings though it was a source of wonder to me as I in spite of a fair schooling, was still a greenhorn.

When I arrived at San Francisco I was met by my sister and her husband who was in the San Francisco Fire Department and with them I made my home for a few weeks until I got my bearing.

The friends that I had met on the steamer arranged for me to take a position in the house of the parish priest at San Rafael. There was practically no money in this job but I got acquainted with a number of people and these acquaintances together with the culture prevailing in the establishment, some of which I could not help absorbing through daily contact have helped me a great deal, besides I became quite Americanized.

I stayed in the priest's house for about a year, then I got a job in San Francisco tending bar. This bartender's job was not as bad as it sounds. The place where I went to work catered to business men's trade and was conducted as a strictly first class place. I had been trained to be courteous without being servile and soon became well liked by the customers.

The saloon, it is hardly necessary to say was run by an Irishman and he had very set ideas about the conduct of his business, he allowed no rouiness in his place and demanded strict attention to business and honesty on the part of his bartender. I opened

up at six in the morning and closed at seven with a few hours off in the afternoon. On the whole it was, I considered, a good job.

When we entered the World War I was called in the second draft. By that time I had taken out my citizenship papers and was a loyal American, though I did not like the idea of fighting on the side of the English.

A trainload of us recruits were sent to Camp Lewis, Washington. In this lot had been drafted two San Francisco policemen with whom I was slightly acquainted and as I figured that they on account of their police training would get at least an iron-laid job. I made myself, as useful to them as possible, looking after their baggage and doing errands for them. My hunch was right, both of my friends took sergeant jobs and three of them made me a corporal.

The training at the camp was hard work with no let up. There was a good deal of grumbling but I saw it is of no use. So I applied myself to the drills, also acquired such other knowledge as I could. Before we left for France I was a sergeant and stayed one until I was mustered out.

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STORY OF AN IRISH IMMIGRANT WHO CAME TO AMERICA IN 1909.

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"The training at the camp was hard work with no let up. There was a good deal of grumbling but I saw this was of no use so I buckled down to my training and applied myself to the manual of drills and acquired such other knowledge as I could. Before we left for France I was a seargent, and stayed one until I was mustered out.

"The trip to France was not pleasant. Our ship was the Leviathan and in spite of her size we were crowded. However it was not long till we got to Bordeaux. No subs showed up though we had several scares.

"In France we had more drills and gun practice. I was in the light Artillery. They kept moving us nearer and nearer to the front, but just when we expected to be sent to the front, the Armistice was signed. We did, however, join in the twelve hour bombardment of the German lines after this, and the Germans gave us back shell for shell. We lost a few men and had some wounded in this, the only experience I had in actual warfare. Soon after the Armistice we were sent home. I was in the ninety first division and we got a grand reception in San Francisco, our hometown.

"After I was mustered out I started looking for work. Prohibition was due soon so my old vocation would soon be a thing of the past. I was willing to try anything and one of my old customers whom I met one day gave me a chance in his firm, a manufacturing concern, I got along well, and after a few years was promoted to foreman of a department, a job that I still hold."

1

I was born near the town of Glenties, Dublin County, Ireland, my father was a farmer and raised fine cattle and horses which he sold in the open market and traded at the fairs.

I was the tenth child of a family of nineteen, eleven boys and eight girls. Some of my older brothers and sisters I had never seen until I came to this country and some of the younger ones that did not leave Ireland I have never seen.

As a young lad, I helped around the farm and sometimes went to fairs with my father and some of my older brothers. On these trips I helped stringing the cattle and horses, but also found time to look around at the sights and amusements that were there. When I was sixteen, I was sent to the Christian Brother's school in Dublin. There I took the regular course of study for three years.

After leaving school I went back to my father's farm and stayed there for a short time while arrangements were being made to send me to my sister in San Francisco.

When I left home I was well fitted out and traveled comfortably to my destination. Some Irish people who had made their homes in San Rafael, California were traveling home on the same boat after a visit to their people in Ireland. Mutual friends introduced me to these people and they took me into their party. This made the trip less lonely and I learned a great deal about

American ways before I landed.

The trip from home to San Francisco was without any unusual happenings though it was a source of wonder to me as I in spite of a fair schooling, was still a greenhorn.

When I arrived at San Francisco I was met by my sister and her husband who was in the San Francisco fire department and with them I made my home for a few weeks until I got my hearing.

The friends that I had met on the steamer arranged for me to take a position in the house of the parish priest at San Rafael. There was practically no money in this job but I got acquainted with a number of people and these acquaintances together with the culture prevailing in the establishment, some of which I could not help absorbing through a daily contact have helped me a great deal, besides I became quite Americanized.

I stayed in the priest's house for about a year, then I got a job in San Francisco keeping bar. This bartender's job was not as bad as it sounds. The place where I went to work catered to business men's trade and was conducted as a strictly first class place. I had been trained to be courteous without being servile and soon became well liked by the customers.

The saloon, it is hardly necessary to say was run by an Irishman and he had very set ideas about the conduct of his business, he allowed no roughness in his place and demanded strict attention to business and honesty on the part of his bartender. I opened

up at six in the morning and closed at seven with a few hours off in the afternoon. In the whole it was, I considered, a good job.

When we entered the World War I was called in the second draft. By that time I had taken out my citizenship papers and was a legal American, though I did not like the idea of fighting on the side of the English.

A trainload of us recruits were sent to Camp Lewis, Washington. In this lot had been drafted two San Francisco policemen with whom I was slightly acquainted and as I figured that they on account of their police training would get at least an iron-laid job. I made myself as useful to them as possible, looking after their baggage and doing errands for them. My luck was right, both of my friends took sergeant jobs and three of them made me a corporal.

The training as the camp was hard work with no let up. There was a good deal of arm wrestling but I saw it is not of no use. I applied myself to the drills, also acquired much other knowledge as I could. Before we left for France I was a sergeant and stayed one until I was mustered out.

The trip from United States to France was not pleasant. Our ship was the Leviathan and in spite of her size we were crowded. However it was not long till we got to Bordeaux.

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light artillery. They kept us nearer and nearer to the front & just when we expected to be sent in the armistice was signed. We did, however join in the two hour bombardment of the German lines after this and the Germans gave us back shell for shell. We lost a few men and had some wounded men, the only experience I had in actual warfare.

Soon after the armistice we were sent home. I was in the 91 Division and we got a grand reception in San Francisco, our home town.

After I was mustered out, I started looking for work. Unemployment was the norm so my old vacation would seem to be a thing of the past.

I was willing to try anything; and one of my old customers when I met one day gave me a chance in his firm, a manufacturing concern. I got along well and after a few years was promoted to be foreman of a department, a job that I still hold.

Subject :- Mrs. Carter Vermillion

Address :- The Evangeline, McAllister St., San Francisco.

Date :- February 6, 1935

Mrs. Vermillion is American born, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McMillen, both of whom are natives of Ireland.

Mr. Mc - familiarly known as "Big Jim", is the eldest son of a large family and as such, would in the due course of things have inherited the major portion of the family lands and material possessions. However, as a result of friction with other members of the household, together with a desire to see the world, he waived his right of inheritance and emigrated to the United States when he was about 21 years of age. He lived for a time in eastern United States, engaging in construction work and other types of manual labor. Later he came to California where he served as a member of the Richmond Fire Department, engaged in various phases of city political activity, worked as a carpenter, and finally purchased a small fruit ranch where he now resides.

His wife, who is also a member of a large family, left Ireland when she was about 18, coming to the

United States to join her sister who was in domestic service in this country. Arriving here, she secured similar employment and eventually met and married "Big Jim". They had not known each other in the old country. Both are naturalized citizens of the United States. Neither has ever returned to Ireland, nor have they maintained any close contact with relatives or friends there, feeling that their principal interests center in the country of their adoption.

To them were born five children, Elizabeth, Georgina, John and Jackson (twins), and Robert. Aside from the financial difficulties common to the lot of a day laborer's family, the children have experienced no particular difficulty in adjusting themselves to the various problems of living.

Elizabeth graduated from high school, passed a county teachers' examination, and taught elementary school for three years, subsequently marrying a farmer ^{of American birth and parentage,} in the community in which her school was situated. They have two sons aged 12 and 7 years respectively. Elizabeth is the only one of the children who has seen Ireland thus far. At the age of five years, she accompanied an aunt

to the old country, spending a year with relatives there.

Georgina graduated from high school and completed the first year of college. Later she passed a civil service examination and has been a federal employee in the department of naturalization for a number of years. Her husband is a lawyer of American parentage and birth, employed by the same department, with whom she became acquainted through her work. They have no children.

John completed high school and the first two years of college. Jackson, his twin, did not continue his education beyond high school. They are engaged together in a chicken ranching project, and in addition, are employed each summer by the state department of agriculture as fruit inspectors. Neither is married.

Robert completed high school and the first two years of college. At present he spends each summer and fall in the employ of the American Box Company, and during the balance of the year, he is employed as deputy county assessor. He is unmarried.

Aside from John, who was for a time unemployed,

Vermillion

Investigator - H. Nichols

- 4 -

none of the family has suffered any special degree of discomfort or hardship as a result of the depression.

Mrs. Vermillion is American born, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McAllan, both of whom are natives of Ireland.

Mr. W. familiarly known as "Big Jim", is the eldest son of a large family and as such, would in the due course of things have inherited the major portion of the family lands and material possessions. However, as a result of friction accented by other members of the household, together with a desire to see the world, he waived his right of inheritance and emigrated to the United States when he was about twenty-one years of age. He lived for a time in eastern United States, engaging in construction work and other types of manual labor. Later he came to California where he served as a member of the Richmond Fire Department, engaged in various phases of city political activity, worked as a carpenter, and finally purchased a small fruit ranch where he now resides.

His wife, who is also a member of a large family, left Ireland when she was about eighteen, coming to the United States to join her sister who was in domestic service in this country. Arriving here, she secured similar employment and eventually met and married "Big Jim". They had not known each other in the old country. Both are naturalized citizens of the United States. Neither has ever returned to Ireland, nor have they maintained any close contact with relatives or friends there, feeling that their

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Georgina graduated from high school and made the first year of college. Later she passed a civil service examination and has been a federal employee in the Department of Naturalization for a number of years. Her husband is a lawyer of American parentage and birth, who works in the same department.

John completed high school and the first two years of college. Jackson, his twin, never continued his education beyond high school. They are engaged together in a chicken raising project and in addition are employed each summer by the state department of agriculture as fruit inspectors. Neither is married.

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American Box Company, and during the balance of the year, he is employed as deputy county assessor. He is unmarried.

Aside from John, who was for a time unemployed some of the family has suffered any special degree of discomfort or hardship as a result of the depression.

Mrs. Vermillion is American born, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mcullen, both of whom are natives of Ireland.

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Georgina graduated from high school and made the first year of college. Later she passed a civil service examination and has been a federal employee in the department of naturalization for a number of years. Her husband is a lawyer of American parentage and birth, who works in the same department.

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-1- a⁹¹ - 10 hours -

Tom Hill was born in The north of Ireland. His father brought the family to the United States when Tom was six years old. They came settling in Salinas, Cal., because he had a brother who was farming in the Salinas Valley.

Tom's father who had been a tenant farmer in Ireland, hoped in the future to be able to buy a farm but when he reached Salinas he was nearly broke. They lived with Tom's uncle for a while and then moved to a small rented ranch close to Panoche. Tom's uncle lent them money to stock the ranch.

When Tom was sixteen years old he went to work in a powder factory near Panoche. He learned lead burning. Lead burners repair the metal tanks needed to keep chemicals used in powder making in. It is a skilled trade.

somewhat dangerous, aside from the danger of working in a powder mill at all; and is well paid.

After he had worked there several years, there was a lead miners' strike and Tom never got back.

He decided that now was the time for him to see a little of the world, and started for Canada, intending to work across to the East and perhaps go to Ireland and England. His first trip was short. He only got as far as Dumfries, where he went to work as a bootmaker's helper in the S. P. Shops. He worked there a year, and then went to Portland, where, by virtue of his year's experience as a helper and a good deal of bluff, he got a job as a boiler maker in a commercial boiler shop and iron works.

By the combination of a little luck, and, I think, a good

deal of real ability he got to be a sort of sub foreman in a few years,

When he was 26 years old, he was given the job of superintendent of The Columbia Engineering Works a small outfit just starting up. He stayed with this company until it went broke, in the hard times just before the war started in Europe.

When the war-time copper boom started, lead miners were in big demand in the smelters, and wages went very high. Tom started lead mining, and worked in Salt Lake and in different parts of Utah most of the time, although he traveled around quite a bit.

When the copper boom ended he was in Salt Lake, and, as he had spent his money very freely while he was making it, in a

few months he was broke. He had married in Portland and had a wife and two children to take care of. He tried to get work as a boiler maker; but there were too many boilermakers already for the few commercial shops in Salt Lake, and he could not work in the railroad shops as they were scab shops since the failure of the shop men strike.

He finally got a job clerking in a cigar store where he had a good many friends among the customers. He worked there six months, and by changing his habits managed to save enough to bring himself and family to San Francisco.

He got a job in the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and later got a job in the General Engineering Co. and moved to Oakland.

He has lived in Oakland ever since. He says that owing to the fact that he never really worked much at boiler making during his younger years, but jumped almost immediately to foreman, and then superintendent, he was never as good a mechanic as many of his fellow workers and was generally one of the first to be laid off. He has been out of work a good deal during the last few years and is working in the S.E.R.

He is very intelligent but does not read much. He is of the practical type, and would rather do something with his hands - fix his radio, or something of that kind. He is tall and now over 60 and blue eyed with dark hair turning a little gray. On politics he is ^{growing} indifferent.

He reads a radical paper and agrees ^{to} most of what it says, but says nothing can be done about until the working class change their ideas.

He bought a home when he moved to Oakland and still has it, although he is likely to lose it any time. It is a comfortable 5 room house in East Oakland.

Tom Hill was born in the northern part of Ireland. His father brought the family to the United States when Tom was six years old. They came directly to Salinas, California because he had a brother who was farming in the Salinas Valley.

Tom's father, who had been a tenant farmer in Ireland, hoped in the future to be able to buy a farm, but when he reached Salinas he was nearly broke. They lived with Tom's uncle for a while and then moved to a small tenant ranch close to Vinole. Tom's uncle lent them money to stock the ranch.

When Tom was sixteen years old, he went to work in a powder factory near Vinole. He learned leadburning. Lead burners repair the metal tanks needed to keep chemicals used in powder making. It is a skilled trade, and is somewhat dangerous, aside from the danger of working in a powder mill, it pays well.

After he had worked there several years, there was a lead burners strike and Tom never got back on.

He decided that now was the time for him to see a little of the world, and started for Canada, intending to work way across to the East and perhaps to the Ireland and England. His first jump was short. He only got as far as Dunsmuir, where he went to work as a boilermaker's helper in the Southern Pacific Shops.

He worked there a year, and then went to Portland, where, by virtue of his year's experience as a helper, and a good deal of

bluff, he got a job as a boilermaker in a commercial boiler shop and iron works.

By the combination of a little luck, and, I think, likely a good deal of real ability he got to be a sort of sub-foreman in a few years.

When he was twenty-six years old, he was given the job of superintendant of the Columbia Engineering Works, a small outfit just starting up. He stayed with this company until it went broke, in the hard times just before the war started in Europe.

When the war-time copper boom started, lead burners were in big demand in the smelters, and wages went very high. Tom started leadburning, and worked in Salt Lake and in different parts of Utah most of the time, although he traveled around quite a bit.

When the copper boom ended he was in Salt Lake, and as he had spent his money very freely while he was making it, in a few months, he was broke, he had married in Portland and had a wife and two children to take care of. He tried to get work as a boiler maker, but there were too many boilermakes already in the few commercial shops in Salt Lake, and he would not work in the railroad shops as they were scab shops since the failure of the shop men's strike.

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He is very intelligent, but does not read much. He is of the mechanical type, and would rather do something with his hands--fix his radio, or something of that kind. He is tall and raw-boned, and blue eyed with dark hair turning a little grey. In politics he is growing radical. He reads a radical paper and agrees to most of what it says, but says nothing can be done about it until the working class change their ideas.

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When Tom was sixteen years old, he went to work in a power factory near Dincolo. He learned leadburning. Lead burners repair the metal tanks needed to keep chemicals used in power making. It is a skilled trade, and is somewhat dangerous, aside from the danger of working in a power mill, it pays well.

After he had worked there several years, there was a lead burners strike and Tom never got back on.

He decided that now was the time for him to see a little of the world, and started for Canada, intending to work his way across to the East and perhaps to the Ireland and England. His first jump was short. He only got as far as Vancouver, where he went to work as a boiler-maker's helper in the Northern Pacific Shops. He worked there a year, and then went to Portland, where, by virtue of his year's experience as a helper, and a good deal of

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Mary Ann Hapton—
Irish Protestant—
—Lucille Gillespie

Mary Gallagher was born in Ireland about 1830. Her family was of the poor peasant type, raising pigs, being the chief source of a scanty income. They had many children and the children had many illnesses which they got over as best they could. When the children were old enough they began to shift for themselves which was a big help to their parents.

Although Mary went to school but intermittently she learned to read and write and later, the struggle for existence taught her how to figure both in cash and credits. She came to this country at the age of eighteen and got a job as a servant girl from which she managed to make a living which to her seemed far superior to what she had been used to in Ireland.

She had saved quite a bit of little nest egg when she met a policeman of her own nationality, and the Irish being frugal and foreswearing, it was not long until they pooled their resources.

Terry was making a good salary on the police force and so they bought the coveted little home. It was not long before little Terry joined them and life was all that could be asked.

Several years went by as uneventfully as most of our years and then one day Terry did not come home. Terry had come to the end as many another policeman, with a bullet. But in a policeman's life this must be expected, it is a matter of give or take, and they take it with the rest of them.

The first of these is the fact that the

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Mary got her insurance and recovered from her little fellow was a big fellow now, not such a care as to be. Life was not so bad.

Mary got her a job selling sewing machines. And some she sold machines, some days not. But the home was clear. The insurance was in the bank, and what she made was clear.

But Mary met a real estate agent, one of those super-salesmen, high pressure type. He showed her how she could make her money work for her. With her insurance money she bought two houses making a down payment, the balance like rent, and still has a little of the money left. The houses did not stay rented and sometimes the renters did not pay the rent. To meet the payments Mary used up the last of the insurance. Then it was a matter of selling sewing machines in order to eat. It couldn't be done, so Mary got herself a job in a factory, sewing monkey pants all day. And now if she wanted real help she didn't stop to talk with the other women she could manage to make both ends meet, and even meet the payments on the other houses when the rents didn't come in.

All would perhaps be well today, but Mary met another real estate salesman of the super-pressure type. He showed her how she actually can make her money work for her, and how he would no longer have to slave in the factory.

He showed her an apartment house with every apartment filled

with satisfied renters. They had exceptionally good furniture which meant they must earn good money, and therefore must be good renters. It seemed to her as to mortgage that house of hers which was clear, make down payment on the apartment house, and the rents would be hers. All she had to do each month was to go around and collect them. The rents would more than keep up the payments on the apartment house, payments on the interest and even the other two houses when they are not rented.

Mary is American enough not to be able to pass up a good deal and she couldn't pass these. The apartment house became hers. The day when the rents were due she went to collect them. But to her surprise she found that they were all paid a month in advance. The agent did not tell her this. So she had to dig into her own pocket for the payment on the apartment house. The second month came and all her tenants were out, and she had an empty apartment house on her hands. Of undesirable location, unfurnished, and far from modern. She put an ad in the papers and from that angle began scanning the columns herself. From this she learned much. There was an ad, "Wanted: Tenants for apartment house two months rent free. Must have good furniture".

So this was a racket. Too bad for Mary, but education comes high. Now came the struggle to keep both the houses and apartments rented, and meet the payments.

But Mary had another problem now. Mary had finished school,

he cannot find a job. As ropes about the house, silent and
moody, she cannot tell what he is thinking about.

Mary Gallagher was born in Ireland about 1880. Her family was of the poor peasant type, raising pigs, being the chief source of a scanty income. They had many children and the children had many diseases which they got over as best they could. When the children were old enough they began to shift for themselves which was a big help to their parents.

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But Mary met a real estate agent, one of these super-salesmen, high pressure type. He showed her how she could make her money work for her. With her insurance money she bought two houses making a down payment, the balance like rent, and still has a little of the money left. The houses did not stay rented and sometimes the renters did not pay the rent. To meet the payments Mary used up the last of the insurance. Then it was a matter of selling sewing machines in order to eat. It couldn't be done, so Mary got herself a job in a factory, sewing corsetry pants all day. And now if she worked real hard and didn't stop to talk with the other women she could manage to make both ends meet, and even meet the payments on the other houses when the rents didn't come in.

All would perhaps be well today, but Mary met another real estate salesman of the super-pressure type. He showed her how she actually can make her money work for her, and how he would no longer have to slave in the factory!

He showed her an apartment house with every apartment filled

with satisfied renters. They had exceptionally good furniture which meant they must earn good money, and therefore must be good renters. All she had to do was to mortgage that house of hers which was clear, make down payment on the apartment house, and the rents would be hers. All she had to do each month was to go around and collect them. The rents would more than keep up the payments on the apartment house, payments on the interest and even the other two houses when they are not rented.

Mary is American enough not to be able to pass up a good deal and she couldn't pass these. The apartment house became hers. One day when the rents were due she went to collect them. But to her chagrin she found that they were all paid a month in advance. The agent did not tell her this. So she had to dig into her own pocket for the payment on the apartment house. The second month came and all her tenants moved out, and she had an empty apartment house on her hands. Of undesirable location, unfurnished, and far from modern. She put an ad in the papers and from that angle began scanning the columns herself. From this she learned much. Here was an ad: "Wanted: Tenants for apartment house two months rent free. Must have good furniture".

So this was a racket. Too bad for Mary, but education comes high. Now came the struggle to keep both the houses and apartments rented, and meet the payments.

But Mary had another problem now. Harry has finished school,

he cannot find a job. He mopes about the house, silent and moody, she cannot tell what he is thinking about.

My informant was born in York, Ireland. He came to the United States in the year 1900. He was reared in an ordinary laborer's family, his father doing all kinds of odd jobs and also working in coal mines. He was the only son, but has a sister still living in Ireland. It was his father's habit to have them study many hours each day besides studying in school hours and in this way he finished his eighth grade at fourteen years. By doing odd jobs as his father did, at the age of twenty years, he had enough money saved up to make the trip to the United States and had some money left to settle in New York. From the ages of fourteen to twenty, his father still compelled him to study over his school books many an hour each day, which was a great benefit to him in later years. Because of it he knew his mother tongue thoroughly and it also made him quite fast at figuring. However, being a stranger in New York, and not knowing anybody, the only thing for him to do were odd jobs as he had done at home. Working in warehouses, going out of New York, working on farms during his travels, he finally landed at the Pittsburgh Coal mines, first as helper and later on in the earth, doing odd jobs below. However, he was not satisfied in these surroundings and he made up his mind to return to New York in the year 1910.

Unbelievable though it is, this coal miner went at once to a large publishing house in the advertising field. As he was a tall

man, being over six feet and having a broad body, he appealed to the publishing and they put him to work as a salesman, giving him fifty dollars per week for expenses, to be charged against his earnings. He became a first class salesman and led three hundred men, always being at the top of the list. He was visiting small towns, calling on banks and manufacturing plants throughout the New York State. Because of his training as a youth, this man thought of ideas which increased his sales almost unbelievably. His sales were of such a nature that they were new to the house and his earnings on two to three sales in the period of three months would net him some \$50,000 commission.

However, this is what happened to this man. His earnings were so great, that it seems it got too much for him. After accumulating all this money, to a total of \$150,000, he became acquainted with real estate men and investors, and within a few years he had lost his fortune in the real estate business. He had laid a solid foundation, but the lure of big money got him off the road which is the case with a great number of us. When we have enough, we still want more.

This man returned to his former publishing house after he had lost all of his large earnings, and they again were glad to employ him, but because of still being under the strain and the thought of having lost the money, his sales were few and, in fact, he could not make a living at it again. He then went back to his

odd jobs, which he is doing to this day. However, as soon as business is again good, he will come out of it, for the fact of his early training will still stand him in good stead.

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On the 10th of March 1893 the ship left the port of
Santo Domingo for the port of San Juan, P.R.
and arrived there on the 12th of March.

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Mary Dwyer came from Dublin, Ireland. She was born in 1883. When she was a little girl, she came with her parents to America. Her appearance, complexion and characteristics tell that she is of Irish blood. She has fair skin and natural pink color in her cheeks, and blue eyes, which express goodness and kindness. With all that, she has acquired the American refinement and culture; therefore, she is a true America citizen.

Mary's father was a machinist by trade. He made a modest living for his family. But thinking that there would be a better chance for him in the country, he came over to America with his family. That was in 1888, when he came and settled down in Newark, New Jersey.

Mary was the only child. She grew up and was educated in Newark, New Jersey. After finishing her high school course, Mary learned typing and stenography, so that she might be able to help her parents.

Her mother was a delicate, sweet woman. She was her best friend in the world. Mary was devoted to her and did everything to make her happy. She worked steadily for several years with a concern that dealt in shipping leather goods to South America and to different parts of the world. She had a responsible position as a bookkeeper and secretary.

As years passed by, her mother's health began to fail. She

was half invalid and depended on her daughter's care. So Mary had to work hard by day and by night, doing cooking, washing and nursing. There are some people who are conscientious and love to do their duty. But there are others who ignore their duties and obligations and somehow get away with it. Mary was of the first type. The more she did, the more was given her to do. But she did it willingly, because she was not selfish.

In her neighborhood there was a good boy named Henry. As children, they had played together and gone to school together. They attended the same Catholic Church too. So he was a good friend and companion to Mary. One day young Henry proposed to her, but although she loved him dearly, she had to refuse, because her mother was getting weaker day by day and needed her. What would become of her dear mother if she left her? Her father was getting old too, so they needed her support. Considering these things, Mary refused, making a great sacrifice, which very few people would do. Mary took care of her mother until she died with blessings on her lips.

Later on, as Mary couldn't work very hard, she got employment in a leading department store, where she worked in the auditing department as a bookkeeper and comptometer operator. Of course, she got a smaller salary there.

Then she lived with her old father, who couldn't work any more. They owned a two family house, lived in one flat and rent-

ed the other. They didn't have to pay rent, so what Mary earned was spent for living and she saved a little for her old age.

Several years passed in this monotonous way. Mary was getting to be an old maid. Her hair was turning grey. She felt that, if her father died, she would be left all alone in the world, for though she had an aunt and cousins they were not on friendly terms with her. They were the sort of people that would not come around if she were in trouble, but if there were a fortune to be divided up, then they would appear. Mary took good care of her father, too, until he died, and she was left all alone. She couldn't live in that vacant house any longer, the house which was so full of sweet and sad memories of the past.

Mary was forty-two years old then. She wanted to make a change, get into a different environment. So she went to a family as a governess.

Mary's friend, Mr. H. Williams, was married some years before; but, unfortunately, his wife had died, leaving two children to be taken care of, a boy and a girl. At once, he thought of Mary, whom he could trust to become a good friend and mother to his children. He wrote a letter of appeal to Miss Mary Dwyer, explaining the situation. Mary was also lonesome and her motherly instinct was too strong in her to refuse such an offer. So she accepted and brought up those children as if they were her own.

Henry was well-to-do. He was in the real-estate business

and had no worry about the future, because he had saved money. He had some property, which brought him a fair income. He is a quiet man, loves home life, reading and music. He is temperate and moderate in all his habits.

In 1925, that is, a year after they got married, they moved to San Francisco for the climate. They own property in the east as well as here. Mr. H. Williams continued in the real estate business for some time, but lately he has retired, as they have enough income to live comfortably in their old age. During the depression, they couldn't collect their rent very well, so it has affected them indirectly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Williams are both true American citizens. Although they were brought up and educated in this country, they are proud of being of Irish descent. But, as patriots, their hearts beat for America which is so dear to them and everything concerning this country interests them.

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Mr. D. was born in a little town in Antrim County, Ireland in 1866. Though he came to this country when he was only eight, he can still recall very distinctly the beautiful Irish countryside, the little school he attended, the home that seemed so grand, and the lovely simplicity of his life, and that he was extremely happy. When he was eight, his father was accidentally killed by a runaway horse on the acreage where they grew potatoes. Mr. D. and his mother disposed of all their possessions and sailed from Belfast, Ireland for the United States in 1864. His mother had friends in Franklin, Indiana and here the bereft family of two settled. They had used up all of their funds in getting to this country and there followed many years of poverty through which his mother always held the thought that he must, in some way, get an education. She raised and sold vegetables during the summer, in addition to doing dressmaking at any time of the year she could get it to do. Mr. D. did odd jobs for the neighbors--cleaned cellars, carried wood, kept furnaces, and for four years read to an elderly gentleman who had lost his eyesight. Mr. D., looking back, reflects as to whether the old man really enjoyed the childish voice with its Irish brogue, or whether he was in sympathy with the little family and wanted to assist the youngster educationally and financially. He remembers reading books which were far beyond his youthful understanding but know now, that the knowledge

contained in these books came to his assistance in later years. An avid young mind, a mother preaching education: it was a combination through which, even involuntarily, he was bound to absorb something.

In spite of their poverty, the years sped by, and college days arrived. A college in Illinois was selected and Mr. D. was fortunate enough to obtain a room with a family for whom he could do odd chores for his maintenance. With careful scheming, and many late hours, he could take other jobs, keeping books for the little grocery store out of the main part of town, tending furnaces and pepping them up on chilly mornings and banking them for the night. In his junior year, he and a friend, in a similar poverty stricken position, spotted a chap doing a good business on a street corner selling books, a dictionary, no less, and a Bible. The boys had an inspiration. The books sold for a dollar each. After a bit of persuasion and a promise of secrecy, the man told them where they might be purchased for two dollars per dozen. Mr. D. and his friend travelled around the Great Lake region all that summer, in fact, until they had completed their college career. The exercise out doors proved a boon to the health of both of them and Mr. D's sparse six foot frame filled out with amazing unexpectedness, that is, after they got started, crackers were the main diet for a time. The boys earned enough each summer to permit them to pursue their studies with comparative ease during

the remainder of the school year. Mr. D. was even able to send some money to his mother. Just prior to graduation, Mr. D's friend received an invitation from an uncle in San Francisco to come west, a strange invitation which said that no carfare would be furnished, but if he could cover the miles between Illinois and California, by any ingenious method he cared to use, there was a job waiting for him at his printing plant in San Francisco. The boys had been pals in poverty and in their pseudo-prosperity, and Mr. D. says he felt like a ship without a rudder with his pal thinking of leaving him. Two weeks later while Mr. D. and his mother were having a heart to heart talk about the future on the porch of the Indiana home, up ran his pal from nowhere, waving a piece of paper in the air. What with the running and the excitement, his words were unintelligible so Mr. D. snatched the paper from his hands, then the two of them went wild. Mr. D. was also included in the invitation to come to San Francisco on the same terms he had offered his nephew. For the boys, that was easy. They set out in a week with the good old book business that had put them through college, with about a hundred dollars extra in their pockets. Two months later, they landed in San Francisco ready to settle down to what proved to be their life work.

Mr. D. planned to send for his mother, but she married in the fall, and two years later died of pneumonia. It is Mr. D's

one regret that he did not see his mother alive again and every time he goes east, he stops off at the little graveyard in Indiana and stays awhile with her and places flowers on her grave.

Mr. D. married when he was thirty-five. He has two grown sons, one stationed in china in the Intelligence Department and the other the head of a coffee company in Rio de Janeiro. Mr. D. is now seventy-nine years of age, a silent partner in his business, with two sons lost in the cogs of business, and a wife lost some ten years ago. Mr. D. is well preserved and successful, but gazes wistfully in space, wishing he might again see the peaceful countryside in Ireland.

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the remainder of the school year. Mr. D. was even able to send some money to his mother. Just prior to graduation, Mr. D's friend received an invitation from an uncle in San Francisco to come west, a strange invitation which said that no carfare would be furnished, but if he could cover the miles between Illinois and California, by any ingenious method he cared to use, there was a job waiting for him at his printing plant in San Francisco. The boys had been pals in poverty and in their pseudo-prosperity, and Mr. D. says he felt like a ship without a rudder with his pal thinking of leaving him. Two weeks later while Mr. D. and his mother were having a heart to heart talk about the future on the porch of the Indiana home, up ran his pal from nowhere, waving a piece of paper in the air. What with the running and the excitement, his words were unintelligible so Mr. D. snatched the paper from his hands, then the two of them went wild. Mr. D. was also included in the invitation to come to San Francisco on the same terms he had offered his nephew. For the boys, that was easy. They set out in a week with the good old book business that had put them through college, with about a hundred dollars extra in their pockets. Two months later, they landed in San Francisco ready to settle down to what proved to be their life work.

Mr. D. planned to send for his mother, but she married in the fall, and two years later died of pneumonia. It is Mr. D's

one regret that he did not see his mother alive again and every time he goes east, he stops off at the little graveyard in Indiana and stays awhile with her and places flowers on her grave.

Mr. D. married when he was thirty-five. He has two grown sons, one stationed in China in the Intelligence Department and the other the head of a coffee company in Rio de Janeiro. Mr. D. is now seventy-nine years of age, a silent partner in his business, with two sons lost in the cogs of business, and a wife lost some ten years ago. Mr. D. is well preserved and successful, but gazes wistfully in space, wishing he might again see the peaceful countryside in Ireland.

Mr. D. was born in a little town in Antrim County, Ireland in 1866. Though he came to this country when he was only eight, he can still recall very distinctly the beautiful Irish countryside, the little school he attended, the home that seemed so grand, and the lovely simplicity of his life, and that he was extremely happy. When he was eight, his father was accidentally killed by a runaway horse on the acreage where they grew potatoes. Mr. D. and his mother disposed of all their possessions and sailed from Belfast, Ireland for the United States in 1864. His mother had friends in Franklin, Indiana and here the bereft family of two settled. They had used up all of their funds in getting to this country and there followed many years of poverty through which his mother always held the thought that he must, in some way, get an education. She raised and sold vegetables during the summer, in addition to doing dressmaking at any time of the year she could get it to do. Mr. D. did odd jobs for the neighbors--cleaned cellars, carried wood, kept furnaces, and for four years read to an elderly gentleman who had lost his eyesight. Mr. D., looking back, reflects as to whether the old man really enjoyed the childish voice with its Irish brogue, or whether he was in sympathy with the little family and wanted to assist the youngster educationally and financially. He remembers reading books which were far beyond his youthful understanding but know now, that the knowledge

contained in these books came to his assistance in later years. An avid young mind, a mother preaching education: it was a combination through which, even involuntarily, he was bound to absorb something.

In spite of their poverty, the years sped by, and college days arrived. A college in Illinois was selected and Mr. D. was fortunate enough to obtain a room with a family for whom he could do odd chores for his maintenance. With careful scheming, and many late hours, he could take other jobs, keeping books for the little grocery store out of the main part of town, tending furnaces and pepping them up on chilly mornings and banking them for the night. In his junior year, he and a friend, in a similar poverty stricken position, spotted a chap doing a good business on a street corner selling books, a dictionary, no less, and a Bible. The boys had an inspiration. The books sold for a dollar each. After a bit of persuasion and a promise of secrecy, the man told them where they might be purchased for two dollars per dozen. Mr. D. and his friend travelled around the Great Lake region all that summer, in fact, until they had completed their college career. The exercise out doors proved a boon to the health of both of them and Mr. D's sparse six foot frame filled out with amazing unexpectedness, that is, after they got started, crackers were the main diet for a time. The boys earned enough each summer to permit them to pursue their studies with comparative ease during

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/

My informant is a man forty years old. He is married and has one boy. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and grew up in that city, where he stayed until he was twenty-two years old, when he emigrated to Canada, eventually settling down in Vancouver B.C. His parents were public house keepers, or as they are known here, saloon keepers, and as a result, the boy received a fair amount of schooling and eventually was apprenticed to the carpenter trade.

In Canada he was very active at his trade and managed to save up a couple of thousand dollars. Wishing to climb farther up the social scale and to get into a profession, he commenced to study to be an architect. After some three years of study, the combined labor of day work and night study undermined his health, and he was diagnosed as having a case of incipient tuberculosis.

He sold his property in Canada and, with wife and baby son, came to San Francisco. Here, for some time, he was in straightened circumstances, inasmuch as health would not permit him to work very actively as a carpenter, and so, he decided to go into selling, and as a first step, applied for a job as agent with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Strange as it may seem, they passed him physically, and he became an agent for that company. He was a very successful agent, and after a year was promoted to be assistant manager for the company in which position he has remained for the last five years.

He is a very level-headed person, very conservative and phlegmatic in personality. He is very popular with his fellow workers.

1

This man was shoveling dirt into one of the trucks owned by the Board of Public Works, city of San Francisco. We stood alongside of the truck and waited until it was loaded. The following is the man's story:

"Five years ago I owned a grocery store, my home, and a nice car. Today, I am shoveling dirt for the city and glad to get the job. I gambled my life's savings in the stock market and lost everything when the crash came in 1929.

"I was born near Belfast, Ireland, and have been in the United States over twenty years. I have raised two sons and one daughter. One son was killed in France, the other boy is with the Jesuits.

"My daughter married a hard working young fellow and they are having considerable trouble feeding their brood and bringing more children into the world.

"Yes. That is what the country needs most, hospital and medical care for the young families as they are getting their start in life. The doctors at the clinics do not take enough interest in patients who are unable to pay.

"You see, I am a Catholic, and the Church does not believe in birth control, but I feel that the government should help the heads of large families.

"Well, I am getting along in years. There does not seem to me much chance of my ever getting back into business."

1

MY NAME IS FERGUSON

You can see, youngman, that I am no longer able to do productive work. In fact it takes all the little remaining energy left in these old bones to put on a robe an old worn robe, if you will notice,--in the morning and go out on the porch to sit in the sun a while, and perhaps meet someone there from "the other side" that I do not see everyday. And even, this, I cannot do when it is daisy and cold, as it usually is in this spot,--that a great many folks "from outside" know as The Laguna Honda Home!

I used to be a builder on Geary Street, I have put up some very fine apartment houses. I am of pure English stock, having come to this country as a boy. When certain people who owed me money refused to pay (an old American custom), and could not pay, and I myself could not find contracts, I was of course dumped into this fog ridden monument of political chauvinism, and corralled in Building #3, from which no one may leave without permission, and several of the men here, some of them infirm, have been beaten by the grafters in charge at various times for attempting to go over to "the other side", where the new buildings are, to see perhaps an old friend or two.

I have, of course, placed the collection of certain of my bills due me in the building of Apartment houses in this

bills for over three years now directly in the hands of Mr. Woolenburg, from whom I have heard nothing.

I have spoken of this matter to various nurses, and I find that if they dare to interest themselves in these things, they are let go. And I have found that Mr. Wollenburg, has his own "bank" here, where the moneys of the "inmates" of this "Home" are kept. I have found that many old people, having come here after being robbed, cheated, and all but murdered, have given to the powers that be here--their story in full, and the power to collect certain debts for them, and of course to put this (if collected-and when) money into "The bank". I have given them this power; with the exception that I do not wish to die in such a place, wherein the director of which is worth over a million dollars since he attained his political position, and therefore have ordered the money placed in a bonafied and legal bank,--if and when collected, or admitted by the collectors to have been collected.

Of course, my teeth are all gone but two or three, and they are very loose and pain me at times. There is never any dental work done for us in this infirm, they feed us such food that we cannot eat it. There are 60 men in each of the infirmaries, and about 100 women in the infirmaries, and the infirmaries are very comfortable.

their "bed". When, and as soon as, they become incoherent, and there is no one who comes to see them regularly,--of course, they die. I have seen several die in the same day, right along side of me.

Mr. Tollenberg made a million dollars here.

I never have hopes of seeing "the world" again.

I have hopes that the system you have described to me, young man, will soon be brought into being.

That everyone shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not by the sweat of another man's brow,--because he can make more profit for himself by working others, there are many who will never agree, however.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

2. The second part is devoted to a detailed analysis of the results.

3. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the conclusions.

4. The fourth part is devoted to a discussion of the future work.

5. The fifth part is devoted to a discussion of the references.

6. The sixth part is devoted to a discussion of the appendix.

7. The seventh part is devoted to a discussion of the bibliography.

8. The eighth part is devoted to a discussion of the index.

9. The ninth part is devoted to a discussion of the table of contents.

10. The tenth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of figures.

11. The eleventh part is devoted to a discussion of the list of tables.

12. The twelfth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of references.

13. The thirteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of figures.

14. The fourteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of tables.

15. The fifteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of references.

16. The sixteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of figures.

17. The seventeenth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of tables.

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28. The twenty-eighth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of figures.

29. The twenty-ninth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of tables.

30. The thirtieth part is devoted to a discussion of the list of references.

"Shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves--in three generations."

Is the old aphorism true in California, as elsewhere? Does Not the new West, with its glamour, more hardy living, greater opportunities, better men, better women, better climate and God given sunshine, discourage the spendthrift, ne'er-do-well spirit of rich men's sons and daughters from winding up their careers in dissolution? Is it necessary here for grandsons and granddaughters to turn back to work for a living? Alas, it seems in California as elsewhere, the third generation goes back to the porridge pot! Listen to the story of old Michael O'Leary.

His name will tell you that Michael came from the "ould sod." Begorrah, an' he did that! With Maggie, his wife, and his six children, he did that, in 1850! He was a young, manly Irishman. He had a little money, derived from selling off his patrimony in Ireland. He had ambition-- a mighty Irish ambition. He had a strong healthy lifemate in Maggie, also ambitious, and jealous of her children and zealous in their welfare. And every one of the six was a lusty, red-thatched scrappy scion of old Erin--nothing wrong with the family of Michael O'Leary!

So when the O'Learys hit San Francisco on that day in 1850, the city by the Golden Gate was not aware of it, but something hit San Francisco. And as it was later to learn, hit it with a thud!

Mike O'Leary was a brick-layer and stonemason. He knew his stuff. He settled his family in a little house immediately and found himself a job. He was a jolly, witty, likeable Irishman and a good mixer. He was a politician of sorts by nature, clannish, loyal to his friends and dangerous to his enemies. Outspoken, he became an organizer. He had a canny mind, dealt fairly with his workers, so had a following. He was above all a good mechanic. So naturally he was successful and built up a good business in San Francisco. He outgrew his field so he expanded it into general contracting and took over larger and larger projects. Some

of the older structures in this city today bear witness to his handi-craft and building integrity .

His four sons and two daughters grew up in the O'Leary household and the sons grew up in the O'Leary business. John ,William , Francis and Timothy, like their father , were competent men. They had been well reared, well educated in San Francisco schools and had acquired the polish and culture of the second generation, in addition to their inherited affability , clannishness and political acumen.

This could well run into a long story. Suffice it is to say that when Michael O'Leary died, he left an estate of nearly a million dollars. He had labored industriously and invested carefully for his family. He had held high places in state and city politics and had been a power, under cover, in the affairs of other men. He had lived a good life, had been beloved by all and after death he was eulogized all over the state. Streets and roads were named after him and his life was pointed to by teachers and mothers to their youngsters as something to pattern after.

With his death his fortune was divided among his sons and daughters. The two girls were married , one to a bank official, the other to a partner in a large book concern. As far as known they are still alive today and mothers of families.

There was activity in the building industry. The four sons who now were responsible for it were busy , but two of them were in politics and for the greater part , John and William were left to run the business while Francis and Tim spent much of their time in campaigning, holding caucuses, committee meetings and rallies and the other things which politicians find to keep them busy. Eventually John and William bought out their brothers and took over the contracting enterprise.

In the meanwhile all four were married . Francis became the father of three girls. Tim was father of two sons. John had a son and daughter and William had three boys. All of these children were edu-

The other structures in this city today bear witness to his hard-
work and building integrity.

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father of three girls. Tim was father of two sons. John had a son

cated in California schools and had University training. All had fine homes . The name O'Leary stood for something in society as well as in business, so all had social advantages. Each of these families was considered wealthy and was numbered among the mythical 'four hundred' of San Francisco's elite.

Yet when Francis died, there was little left for his widow and daughters . One girl had married . She is now the mother of a family in moderate circumstances. William took his own life in 1931 after being caught in the stock market crash and ruined. There was nothing but debts for his family, but his sons are still carrying on in mediocre positions trying to make ends meet for their little families.

John was now left with the contracting business and Tim was carrying on at Sacramento. Both had suffered severe losses , Tim through political misfortunes and the declining market and John because of the building slump and general depression.

Building is now picking up and John, in his old age, with his son, have hopes of a come-back. John's oldest daughter is a San Francisco school teacher. His younger daughter is married. Tim, his Sacramento job having been abolished, is for the present in Washington where he is striving for political preference against thousands of similar political figures from every state in the union. Tim's two sons are active laborites, and their persuasion is not of the conservative type!

I met a beautiful woman the other day in a cloak and suit store. She was a large, handsome, buxom woman, such as it takes to sell suits and cloaks. She confided to me that her feet were killing her. She said the cloak and suit business was 'the bunk'. She said all business now is 'the bunk'. She told me that her sister also is selling cloaks and suits in Oakland- or trying to . Then she told me this story.

" The best stuff on this floor is something my mother would-

n't think of putting on;" she said. " Cheap and cheaper, that's the cry today. Look at this stuff with which we outfit San Francisco women of today! What would my mother think if she could see me here? But, me, I'm lucky to have a job! Lots of girls I know come in here every day asking me to help them. I do because they are out of work altogether, but all I've got is what I earn. And that's little enough these days!

The cloak and suit lady was Margaret O'Leary, daughter of Francis O'Leary and grand-daughter of grand old Michael O'Leary, San Francisco pioneer, who died worth nearly a million dollars!

There's your story. "Shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves--" in three generations." It holds true in California and everywhere else. Such is human life !

---A---

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The clock and self lady was dressed in cheap, fashionable

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generations." It holds true in California and everywhere else. Such is

Feb. 10. 1935

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Story of an Irishman who came to this Country about 50 years ago.

I was born in Belfast, Ireland.

My father was employed in a large shipyard there. He often told me of many of the ~~large boats~~ ^{ships} he had worked on while they were building, some of which held records for speed. He always kept track of these ships and would speak of them as personal acquaintances. Thus, from my earliest years I knew about ships.

When I was six years old we moved to Liverpool, England where my father took charge of some of the dock and cargo handling equipment.

In Liverpool I went to school until I was 15 years old. These schools were considered good but the methods were severe. The masters, there were no women teachers in my day, often gave us a caring for failure. In our lessons as well as for infractions of the severe discipline they practiced.

When I was 16 I shipped out of Liverpool on a sailing vessel in the East India trade. I was an apprentice and my father had to pay for my position. There were three other boys on the same ship and we had to do almost the same work as the sailors tho we were supposed to be under instruction. What we learned we got from hard knocks and experience altho we read books on seamanship and sometimes got help and advice from the Officer ~~in~~ whose watch we worked.

After 5 years to and from India from one ship to another of the same line, I was considered to be thru my apprenticeship.

I left the line and made a few trips before the mast to Boston and back, then got a job as boatwain on a packet ~~tho~~ bound for New York. After while I got to be second mate and felt that I was quite an important person.

17

Handwritten text in Arabic script, mostly illegible due to extreme fading. The text appears to be a continuous narrative or a list of items, with some lines starting with 'و' (and) or 'ف' (so). The script is cursive and typical of older Arabic manuscripts.

Mary Rock

She was born in County Mayo, Ireland in the year 1888, the third child, the two older ones being boys.

She started school when she was six years old. The school was half a mile away. She was taught reading, writing and arithmetic and a little history. School was from 9 until 3 with one hour for lunch. Before and after school she milked cows, planted vegetables, reaped harvest and gathered vegetables. She went to school about 8 years.

When she was 15 her mother died and she had to take care of the family which consisted of about seven brothers and sisters.

She sailed for America in August 1, 1903. Landed in New York after about a weeks sailing. Stayed there a few days and landed in San Francisco August 19, 1903.

After a few months she did domestic work from 1903 until 1916. In 1916.

she entered the City Hospital in Sacramento to train for nursing. In 1919 she graduated and worked in the nursing profession until the fall of 1933.

In 1925 she married a native of her own country. She has two children, a girl and a boy ages 8 and 6 respectively. Both children were Caesarian and both are well and healthy and unusually well developed. After each child she had complications. After the first birth she had facial paralysis. After the second birth she had inflammation of the brain. She has been well and healthy all her life. Both children are attending school.

Her husband is a municipal employee and was kept on during the depression. In 1932 and 1933 his salary was reduced 10% and in 1934 it was reduced 5%. They lost their investments in the depression. They own their own home.

She took out her first citizenship papers in 1917 but did not take out her final papers until 1925.

She does not think that things are better than in 1929. The only thing is that since people are - or relief there is not so much grief and that the health of the children is improved.

She likes accommodations and opportunities of the United States but prefers civilization and ideals of Ireland.

If she had money she would like to go back to Ireland and live. But she thinks that there is no chance for working people in America.

111

March 22, 1937

AMERICAN IRISH

The B. family are American shanty Irish.

Mr. B. came from Ireland and married a young working woman of Irish parentage. By this marriage they had a number of children, four of them now living.

Mr. B. worked at odd jobs, but it did not make any difference whether he worked or not, because little or nothing ever reached home. They lived in shanties along various railroad tracks all over the country.

Mrs. B. made the best of this life, never hesitating to get a job as a washing or clean up woman, which brought in enough to cover the Irish stew and a few bare necessities.

Whenever "Ma" came home loaded with "eats" Pa managed to stay home that night. Poor Pa he could never find just the right thing to do, and when he did find it, he was too sick to do it.

Every once in a while some "rich folks" would attempt to do something about the B. family. They would help them over the "bumps" The moment the helping hand was removed the B. family would quickly slide back to where they were before they received assistance.

Mrs. B. could get work, but there was a limit to her strength. Those who would employ Mrs. B. would have nothing of her husband. He made no attempt to clean up the shanty, start supper, do the wash, or any other household labor that might help his tired wife when she came home exhausted.

When the oldest boy reached the age when he could do a little work, he spent his money on liquor. He ran around with the "wild crowd" of the town. Some of these "wild ones" were the sons of very industrious people who managed somehow to get to their own beds, while young B. would flop into a doorway or lot in a state of absolute helplessness.

After a few fights about whose duty it was to bring home the bacon, Young B. left home and roamed around the country. Several years later he came home with a pretty wife and a beautiful and intelligent baby girl, all of course - broke.

The young couple settled down to share the supper table with the old folks and the younger brothers and sisters. By this time Mrs. B. and grown much older, weaker and had a large lump the size of a melon growing from her neck.

Old Mrs. B. was now janitress in a country school which paid her a small salary. Old Mr. B. continually complained that he felt "weak" this let him out of the janitor work. The remarkable thing in this family was the way old Mrs. B. swallowed, hook, line and sinker the excuses her husband gave her during their whole married life. If she uttered a word of condemnation there was no one around to hear it.

In addition to the janitor job the B. family operated a mountain auto camp. This gave them one three room cottage free, and one cabin for the young couple, including their water.

Dr. Paul Radin
J. Le Breton

AMERICAN IRISH

Page two.

The young married woman kept her cabin cozy and homelike, making curtains and coverings made of bits of bright cloth which was given to her.

There were now two babies in the young couples cabin. The oldest being a little more than two years old. Instead of being a handicap this bright little tot was a breadwinner. She was intelligent, very friendly and pretty and attracted attention by her bright conversation and charming manner.

Neighbors who didn't give a toot whether old man B. starved or not, could not stand by and do nothing after taking one look at his lovely grandchild. With the result that they had more opportunities to work and people gave them preserves and farm produce saying "this is for the babies" while the old man was weak he wasn't too weak to stick his face in the baby food.

Old Mrs. B. loved this unusual little girl and tried to be friendly with the young mother who grew bitter as the days passed. This young woman did not have the slightest idea what she was talking into when she agreed to "go home and live with the folks."

They were called the "shiftless B family" and many people offered the little girl a home. These offers hurt the mother's pride which caused her to make cutting remarks to the young husband who was trying to pull himself together and be something better than his father. He would say, "Honey, I know this isn't what you were used to, but it won't last long, something will turn up."

The arrangement at the auto camp was not satisfactory to the penny squeezing German who owned the place, and the B. family had to move.

A Seventh Day Adventist who had often given them some of the finest preserves ever made, decided that it was her Christian duty to see that the B. family got a chance. She argued with her husband, who was a foreman on a millionaire's estate, that this family should move into the large comfortable warehouse and be allowed to pick the large prune crop.

Against his better judgment, and after his wife had promised him that she would make it her duty to see that they did not run around too much, especially when the boss was around, or there were guests at the villa. They were not to play on the private tennis court pick the flowers, or help themselves to the boss's private vegetable garden etc. They could however, if they were quiet, swim in the large reservoir which was close to the warehouse on the hill. All this was explained and it was supposed to be understood and agreed upon.

This good woman's Christian duty almost drove her crazy, as the owners complained to the husband about something or other, and he in turn complained to her, and she in turn complained to the B. family, individually, and collectively. Making a vow each time, that it was the last time she would meddle in the affairs of the estate.

The young mother helped pick prunes, a wearisome job for those who are not used to such work. Her young husband always took the loaded buckets from her and carried them up the steep hill in an effort to help her in her distasteful task.

She complained that this was all she had out of life, living in a big barn with a pack of in-laws crawling all over the place by night, and a hot back breaking prune picking job by day. As the days grew hotter her complaints became a weary repetition of the same complaints of the day before.

This annoyed the Christian women who had given them the job when they needed it. If she had been so unfortunate as to marry in such a family it was up to her to make the best of it, and not take it out on her poor helpless loving and bewildered young husband, etc. (several passages from the bible quoted here which have slipped this writer's memory.)

This family purchased things that were more ornamental than useful. Instead of purchasing a folding bed which they could lug around for the rest of their lives, they bought a large gold bed that took up all the room and required a couple of wrestlers to move it.

Instead of purchasing sport clothing such as the wealthier neighbors wore, they bought cheap flimsy silk dresses which they displayed on the board walk of a seashore town. On this particular boardwalk they could have walked well nigh naked and saved the price of their gaudy finery.

One thing they did know and used was soap in place of cheap cosmetics.

After the harvest they moved to a shack near town. There were some deserted and temporarily neglected farms in the vicinity that they could have used, but this would have required work and plenty of it, in addition to being able to get groceries and equipment to carry them through till the crops came in. The Italians somehow are able to grasp the idea and make this "abandoned" business pay. (this writer believes that the reason so many people will live in a shanty near a town is the fact that people will give them a few things, whereas if they are back in the mountains a great deal of forethought must be used before the food can be taken out of the ground or the trees.) This writer is keeping in touch with an Indian family who are experimenting on a rented farm.)

After the B. family had again settled for the winter which is always a lean time in resort towns and farming districts, the wife left, evidently to go to her own people and eat humble pie there. The young husband left shortly afterward to see if they couldn't get together and get along somewhere someplace.

The old folks fell into such a state that they were reported to some charitable agency for care.

The children of these people are now work on "Government work" and the cat "come in more regularly now that someone tells them when to work, and how to work, and they don't have to compete with what they call "them smart wops."

end.

1870
Born in [unclear] (Quebec) [unclear] the son of [unclear] & [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] in a family [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] &
[unclear] [unclear]. Father [unclear] [unclear] in [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] & [unclear] [unclear] to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] for his family.

Received a public school education but as [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
left school at the age of 14 years & went to work ^{at a very low wage} in a
printing shop where he did everything from the cleaning of
the press & working some down to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
to [unclear] [unclear]. Continued to live at home with parents
& work for them some time until he reached the age
of 22 years.

In 1900 his father received a letter from a brother who
had gone to the United States years ago & was then
living in San Francisco. He was shortly after the
birth of [unclear] & [unclear] & the uncle wrote that he would
send money for transportation of [unclear] & [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
to go to the United States. None of his brothers or
sisters could leave India but as he had spent
years at printing & was still [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
he jumped at the opportunity to go to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
from [unclear] [unclear] he landed at New York & immediately
left for San Francisco.

Upon arrival he found his uncle was working in
a [unclear] [unclear] - a shop that sold all the [unclear] of
the fire department. He received a job of helper to his
uncle working at the Trade Tool [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
became a member of the fire department, [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
of a fire truck or [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

married in 1911 to a native daughter of Irish-
Scottish parentage. Her first child, a daughter, was born
a year later. In 1914, just before the outbreak of
the war he brought his father & mother to
San Francisco. Two brothers & a sister arriving shortly
after. Eventually one of his brothers joined the fire
department, the other the police department &
the sister entered the public schools as a teacher.

A second child, a son, was born in 1915 &
in 1917 a second son joined the family.

Work in the fire department continued without
disruption until the present time. He now
holds one of the highest ranks in the department &
has been able to save enough to buy his own home
& make other worthwhile investments. His children
have all received or are receiving excellent educations
& his daughter is now a teacher in the public
schools of San Francisco.

Returned to Ireland for a visit two years ago
but was greatly disappointed with conditions there
& remained but a short time. Could not see any
of the spirit or tradition that coincided with his idea
of ~~what~~ what life had been in Ireland during his
days in that country.

#

IRISH

He was born in Cork (Queenstown), Ireland, in 1884, the son of Irish parents, the fifth child in a family of three boys and two girls. His father was employed on the docks of an English steamship company and earned enough to provide a fair living for his family. He had received a public school education, but as was customary he left school at the age of fourteen and went to work, at a very low wage, in a printing shop. He did everything from the cleaning of the plant and washing windows to running errands, and helped to find presses. He continued to live at home with his parents and work for this same firm, until he reached the age of twenty-two years.

In 1906, his father received a letter from a brother who had gone to the United States years before, and was then living in San Francisco. This was shortly after the earthquake and fire, and the uncle wrote that he would send money for transportation if any of the children cared to come to the United States. None of his brothers or sisters cared to leave Ireland, but as he had spent eight years at printing and was still earning very little money, he jumped at the opportunity to go to America. Sailing from Queenstown he landed at New York and immediately left for San Francisco.

Upon arrival he found that his uncle was working as a blacksmith, in a shop that shod all the horses of the city fire department. He received a job as helper to his uncle,

working at this trade for two years, until, 1909. He became a member of the fire department, driver of a fire truck, or hook and ladder as it was called. In 1914, just before the outbreak of the war, he brought his father and mother to San Francisco, two brothers and a sister arriving shortly after. Eventually one of his brothers joined the fire department, the other the police department and the sister entered the public schools as a teacher.

He was married in 1911, to a native daughter of Irish-Scotch parentage, his first child a daughter was born a year later. A second child, a son was born in 1915, and in 1917, a second son joined the family. Work in the fire department continued without diversion until the present time. He has been able to save enough to buy his own home and make other worthwhile investments. His children have received or are receiving excellent educations, and his daughter is now a teacher in the public schools of San Francisco.

He returned to Ireland for a visit two years ago but was greatly disappointed with conditions there and remained but a short time. He could not see any of the spirit or tradition that coincided with his idea, of what life had been in Ireland during his days in that country.

~~Irishman~~ — Age 71 — T. B. B. B.
Wish ~~Irishman~~

From Ballinacorney in County Dubuque
Mr. came to the United States in 1841
At that time he was 27 years old.
Behind him he left a life of poverty
and monotony that was only colored
by his mother, who had a good
education and was a poetess at
heart.

Mr's father was ^{an} uncultured fisherman
and Mr. likes to tell of how his father
would throw back such delicacies
as crabs, and other sea food highly
prized in America — because it was not
considered fit to eat.

From his father Mr. received nothing
along educational lines — in fact, he
stated that his father was decidedly
set against any book-learning. His
father believed that if he gave him
a new nose and then he was doing

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his full duty. But, as far as his mother was concerned, M. credits her with giving him a desire for the higher things of life. He had a bit of a mother complex, though he would be the first to deny it. It was his mother who put the idea into his mind of coming to America, where his brother had made a success some years before. M. states that this uncle, through correspondence, had promised to open up great opportunities for him if he would come to America. It was the frugal savings of his mother that furnished him with the fare and enabled him to emigrate to the United States and become a citizen - with, as the years have proved, not a great deal of financial profit to him.

When he landed in New York, he expected someone to meet him - he expected that he would be transported to Onaka without any very great hardship. Two children.

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ship. But as it turned out, his uncle wrote great prosperity, but was unable to demonstrate it. M. had to find his way alone - and when he says 'find his way', he means it literally - to Ohio.

Reaching there, his uncle, who had promised them so much by letter, got them a job as a street-sweeper. M. rebelled, quit the job, and, as many Irishmen have done before him, started riding the roads. He had no great desire to go to any definite place - he merely wanted to go and keep going. For seven years M. went up and down these United States by the way of bridges, roads and bluffs. He had cooked his mulleegon stew in every state of the Union.

In 1898, he enlisted in the United States Army and was sent to Florida, where he got the fever, and has no children.

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4 -
after lying in a fly-infested tent
hospital for many months, he was
discharged as incapable of per-
forming Army service.

Again he started wandering, and
came to Leadville, Colorado, where
he lived for nine years, working
in the mines and saving his money.
Around the years 1917 or '18, he
came to San Francisco. At that
time, the city was recovering from
the fire. He liked it - decided
to make San Francisco his per-
manent home.

He got a job on the docks, not
hard longshoreman labor, but as
a timekeeper and assistant to a
foreman. He held this up to the
time of America's entry into the war,
when he left the docks to work in
the shipyards at a greatly increased
salary. This was the time he married
a woman many years his junior. They
have two children.

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M. states his children have no interest whatever in his accounts of the old country except just the sentimental attachment of a child for the country from which his father came. His wife is of Irish descent but American born and knows little of Ireland or Irish history.

M. himself is a man who has missed his calling in life. From his mother he inherited the instincts of a poet and a musician but he has never been able to express what was in him. Instead M. has always had to work with his hands whenever his health would permit. At present he owns a little moving van and waits on a corner of a street near Fillmore for whoever may hire him. He is not a bitter man - he is merely a

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2.
proud man who feels and knows
that he should have been some-
thing a great deal higher than
what he now is. He hopes
his children, with the benefit
of American education, may
accomplish what he has missed,
and thus, in his humble way
to give them every advantage
he can afford.

M is an old man now, but
he says he is stronger than before
he had the fever in '98. He expects
to live to be a hundred. America
is something of an acquisition to him -
he feels at home here, but he was
too old before he came here to
really become a part of this country.
He is a citizen, but perhaps not.
His thoughts or his feelings are those
of an American. He really belongs back
in the old country - he says this
himself.

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Everett G. Short
10-23-36

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - IRISH.

Peter. B. Brady, 60 years of age, was born in 1876 in Dannaugh, County Cavan, Ireland of peasant-farmer stock, although the family seems to have lifted themselves above the average of that class. The father, Bernard Brady, had managed early in life, to free himself from the stigma of tenant farmer and has purchased 40 acres of ground free and clear which consisted of a combination of farming soil, peat bog and a clay deposit which permitted him to enter the brick-making business while he tilled the farm somewhat as a sideline.

His mother, Mary Brady, was the daughter of a local "large caper" or trader, and brought a substantial dowry to her husband at the time of marriage.

The Brady home was a stone-walled house of three rooms and a half-loft with huge beams overhead from which generally hung products of the garden as well as lams, bacon and hams from the fields. A huge fireplace occupied nearly all of one side of the main living room, with settles at each side and with cranes and pots swinging from swivels and hooks and in which all the cooking for the family was done. The fuel was generally of peat, dug in their own bog and dried and stacked at the rear of the cottage.

The parents occupied the main bedroom, sleeping in a huge 4-poster bed, while the children, of which there were eight, slept in trundle beds, barrel-cradles and pallets on the floor.

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10-28-38

Racial Minorities Survey-
Irish.

Home conveniences were, according to American standards, extremely meager, the crockery dishes being few and the tableware of the simplest but substantial type. Meat was generally roasted on a spit which the younger children took turns in cranking in the big fireplace, and these roasts were of such size that it was customary only partially to roast the chunk, carving off the cooked portions from meal to meal over a period of several days, the children turning the spit each day until the roast was exhausted.

The home was enclosed within a hedge and bramble fence encircling an acre of ground, within which chickens, ducks and domestic fowls, as well as pigs, roamed at will. Care of these devolved strictly upon the mother and the girls.

Other livestock consisted of draft and riding horses and a few milch cows, tended in the fields by the younger boys, who drove them to fresh pasture constantly. Milking was done by the women folk in the pastures, wherever the cows might be found, and in wooden buckets without bails, these buckets being hooked into the slings from neck yokes and carried to the cellars where the milk was set for cream in large flat pans and prepared for churning and cheese making.

There were four boys and four girls in the family, the subject, Peter, being the youngest. The father was chiefly concerned with brick making, being aided by the boys as they reached an age when they could labor. The product was a type

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Irish.

of brick much prized in Ireland, being similar to the American vitrified variety, especially hard but several times as large as the standard American type. These were puddled, formed and fired in a home made kiln built on the property. The product was laboriously hauled to contractor's yards or shipping points for Dublin and Cork. To transport this product it was necessary for the elder Brady to maintain several heavy teams of draft horses and stout wagons, such shipments being made in convoy in which the father and the elder boys participated. The product yielded the only cash income of the family, the farm products being practically all consumed in the home with the exception of some cheese, butter and eggs sold locally, and which provided the women folk with household needs and what few luxuries they enjoyed. Considerable crude preserving of meats, poultry and vegetables was practiced while in season. Berries and field products were garnered and also preserved. Butter and cheese were produced in abundance and meat stock or broth was religiously preserved for the basis of winter stews and other cooking.

No songs were sung other than those learned in the nearby Catholic church and those religious hymns taught the children by their mother. No so-call popular songs or music hall ballads were ever heard by the family other than at the annual country fair where they were chanted by strolling minstrels but from the presence of which the children were sternly ordered away.

Everett C. Hart
10-28-30

Racial Characteristics Survey -
Irish.

On the other hand, the long winter evenings in particular were whiled away by stories recited by both the father and mother, and consisting principally of tales of ancient Ireland, the glories of the 40 ancient kings of Erin, fantasies of the "little folk" and the age-old sagas with which the average "old-soi" Irishman is familiar from childhood. Brian Boru and his mighty deeds; the goodness of the fairy folk of all Ireland and how they guarded the lives of the good people; the tale of St. Patrick and his clearance of Erin of snakes; the all-seeing eye of the servants of the Church, and particularly such genealogical gene as the royal descent of the Bradys direct from the ancient kings and consequently the royal blood that was in them. A dish of milk and scones was set without the door at night for the benefit of the fairy folk and was habitually gone in the morning to the delight of the children, who firmly believed that these grateful "little folk" had accepted the gift and would therefore remain friendly. So firmly were these tales impressed upon the children that the subject interviewed, a man of 60 years, and more than 40 years in America, recited during the interview, in all sincerity, how at one time he and a brother were stopped on the highway at midnight by a band of these fairies, dressed in ancient costumes, and blessed for the family's good deeds. He declared they were but a foot in height, armed with tiny swords, and carrying pouches upon their backs in which they had stored the food gifts of the countryside. This mysticism seems to be

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Irish.

prevalent among the Irish individuals interviewed.

The children's play was that of the normal child, consisting of unsupervised games common to that part of Ireland, and mostly of a boisterous, romping type. These games were divided between the few leisure hours at home and the brief periods of recreation permitted at school recesses.

The family's economic status was that of the small landholder, the freeman who was not required to pay rent for his acreage to wealthy large landholder of both Irish and English descent but considerably better than the peasants and "sharecroppers." Extreme thrift was habitually practiced, the father's income being frugally banked, while the products of dairy and chicken yard were hid away against need in stocking, bed and hearth by the thrifty mother.

There was little or no family group recreation, although the father and mother were jolly and kind toward the children and watchful of their wants and happiness. No pre-school training was attempted other than the possible development of imaginative powers in the children's minds by oft-repeated tales of folk-lore and tradition.

The subject, as a child, was given six years of formal grade school education, all that the community school provided and the average amount enjoyed in the rural districts of Ireland. Beyond this, it was essential that the student go to Dublin for additional training and this was followed in a

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Racial Minorities Survey -
Irish.

majority of cases only when the youth planned to enter priesthood. The subject entered school at the age of six, a government public school at which both boys and girls were entered. The school was a two-story stone structure in the nearby village and attended by about 275 students. The boys and girls attended separate classes and even the playgrounds were divided so that there was absolutely no mixing between the sexes. The courses taught were elementary ones, such as reading, writing, mathematics, history and some Latin. In the course of their history classes they were taught of those local heroes who may have taken a leading part in local agitation, principally against the encroaching English, and those who had been unusually generous and so became beloved during the several periods of Irish famine, such as the famous "potato famines." Subject does not recall the names of any of these.

Little singing was practiced and that only of a nature having to do with government propaganda, and in addition, religious songs and chants. He was taught to revere and glorify the ancient history of his country, both factual and legendary. The subject attended school for six years, reaching the highest grade of the rural education, then returning home where he labored for his father. The only outside or home reading consisted of Catholic publications of a religious nature.

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Irish.

There were no actual community festivals celebrated, although this county being a noted one for the breeding of fine horses, was the scene annually of the Cavan County Horse Fair. This was the high point of the year for the children as well as the adults, all work being cancelled except the essential ones of stock feeding and milking, and the entire family attended daily for a week's period. A typical country fair was enjoyed, the finest of horses and livestock being exhibited for prizes and sale, farm products displayed and racing enjoyed daily, both flat and steeple-chasing. Punch and Judy shows, contra-dancing and wrestling occupied the other entertainment features. While the fathers sold and traded horses and stock, the children, shepherded by watchful mothers, romped with neighbor children, bought sweets and stared at the "foreign" entertainers. Square dancing was a great feature of the general jollification, huge spring platforms being built and musicians from the entire countryside fiddling by night and main. From the father's standpoint, the fair was of a serious nature, practically all surplus livestock being disposed of to buyers from Dublin and even England, while particularly well trained running and jumping horses were entered in the races for considerable purses.

St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, was a day of leisure and home entertainment, as was Christmas and New Years. These holidays were purely a neighborhood affair, the menfolk generally visiting from house to house, enjoying extraordinary

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requests supplemented by liberal petitions from the "little brown jug."

Marriages and births were observed in the community by the making of gifts, visits from the priests and occasionally by a charivari by the younger neighbors. Deaths were observed, as a rule, by "wakes" at which the neighbors came to sit for hours and recite the virtues of the deceased, as well as to drink to his spirit in whiskey while they smoked their taddy clay pipes.

The older members of the community clung tenaciously to the costumes of their ancestors. Among the women this included a white fluted tulle cap, a three-cornered hand-woven colored shawl, an apron of intricate design and voluminous skirts and petticoats, stockings of white or gray home-woven wool and heavy brogans or sabots. The waists were of tightly laced basque type, stitched or embroidered in colors. Night-caps were generally worn, of colorful design, and tied under the chin. The nightgown was made of heavy muslin, trimmed with Hamburg lace, plenty of tucks in the yoke and trailing on the floor.

The older men wore woollen shirts beneath smocks belted at the waist, knee breeches tied with ribbons above the knee, long woollen stockings and extremely heavy brogans. This was all topped with a round cloth or leather hat with conical crown and sometimes adorned with cock feathers.

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There was no adult entertainment of any kind in the town, all intercourse with the neighbors being in their homes. There were no libraries or cultural centers and all activity centered strictly in the individual home.

At the age of 16 the subject had seen a number of his older brothers and sisters marry and create homes of their own. The girls were furnished with doweries while the boys were given slices of the home farm so that there was not a great deal left, either of finances or land. It was a discouraging outlook for the "baby of the family," so that when offered a cash sum if he desired to emigrate, the subject snatched the opportunity to try his fortune in the fabulous land of America.

The subject arrived in New York City by steerage at the age of 16. His only training was a poor agricultural one - the training and sale of horses and livestock and a rough tutoring in tending bar in the village "pub." He had no definite plans for a career, but believed, as did other home town lads, that America was a land of gold and that fortune could be picked up on the streets.

His first impressions of this country was bitterly disappointing, as he was bewildered, lonesome and confused. Finding shortly a boarding place with an Irish family who had earlier come to this country from his home county, he sought employment and finally was given work in a saloon in an Irish

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section of the big city. After several years of this work he had accumulated sufficient funds to permit him to travel. He decided to see more of the great United States, traveling westward through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, working as a farmhand, trading horses, buying crops and selling to commission houses, and at times, working in the railroad shops of the middle-west.

Eventually he resumed work as a bartender in Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Canada and western Canadian cities. He later drifted to Butte, Montana and worked in the saloons of that state where he eventually became a proprietor and amassed a competence.

While in Montana he married a German-American widow with whom he is still living. They have no children of this union but his wife had two daughters and a son by a previous marriage, their father having been a Canadian. They were very small children at the time of their mother's marriage to Brady and grew up with a speaking knowledge of German, a scattered bit of Gaelic, a comprehensive understanding of both Irish and German folklore and a reasonable education in American schools.

The family reads nothing but American publications, belongs to no native clubs or societies and are splendid examples of products of the American "melting pot."

Their economic position is vastly improved over that in the native country. Only American holidays are observed, other than perhaps the wearing of a shamrock on March 17.

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The children know nothing of the countries from which their parents sprang, other than by word of mouth and what they have been taught in American schools. The subject became an American citizen within a few years of reaching this country, and regularly votes the Democratic ticket-- straight. He declares that he has vastly improved his financial status; has been broadened by the advantages in this country beyond anything possible in his home land, but admits a constant nostalgia for old Erin, which he hopes some day to alleviate by a visit there in company of his family. He further confesses that while he has constantly missed the homely things of his homeland, he probably would not be content to remain there permanently even though he might live there now in comparative affluence.

He is a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World, a member of the Long Beach Catholic Church, reads the local papers and the Irish Freeman, belongs to his local union and declares himself not an Irishman, but an American.

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His mother, Mary Brady, was the daughter of a local "horse copper" or trader, and brought a substantial dowery to her husband at the time of marriage.

The Brady home was a stone-walled house of three rooms and a half-loft with huge beams overhead from which generally hung products of the garden as well as hams, bacon and herbs from the fields. A huge fireplace occupied nearly all of one side of the main living room, with settles at each side and with cranes and pots swinging from swivels and hooks and in which all the cooking for the family was done. The fuel was generally of peat, dug in their own bog and dried and stacked at the rear of the cottage.

The parents occupied the main bedroom, sleeping in a huge 4-poster bed, while the children, of which there were eight, slept in trundle beds, barrel-cradles and pallets on the floor.

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of brick much prized in Ireland, being similar to the American vitrified variety, especially hard but several times as large as the standard American type. These were puddled, formed and fired in a home made kiln built on the property. The product was laboriously hauled to contractor's yards or shipping points for Dublin and Cork. To transport this product it was necessary for the elder Brady to maintain several heavy teams of draft horses and stout wagons, such shipments being made in convoy in which the father and the elder boys participated. The product yielded the only cash income of the family, the farm products being practically all consumed in the home with the exception of some cheese, butter and eggs sold locally, and which provided the women folk with household needs and what few luxuries they enjoyed. Considerable crude preserving of meats, poultry and vegetables was practiced while in season. Berries and field products were garnered and also preserved. Butter and cheese were produced in abundance and meat stock or broth was religiously preserved for the basis of winter stews and other cooking.

No songs were sung other than those learned in the nearby Catholic church and those religious hymns taught the children by their mother. No so-call popular songs or music hall ballads were ever heard by the family other than at the annual country fair where they were chanted by strolling minstrels but from the presence of which the children were sternly ordered away.

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On the other hand, the long winter evenings in particular were whiled away by stories recited by both the father and mother, and consisting principally of tales of ancient Ireland, the glories of the 40 ancient kings of Erin, fantasies of the "little folk" and the age-old sagas with which the average "old-sod" Irishman is familiar from childhood. Brian Boru and his mighty deeds; the goodness of the fairy folk of all Ireland and how they guarded the lives of the good people; the tale of St. Patrick and his clearance of Erin of snakes; the all-seeing eye of the servants of the Church, and particularly such geneological gems as the royal descent of the Bradys direct from the ancient kings and consequently the royal blood that was in them. A dish of milk and scones was set without the door at night for the benefit of the fairy folk and was habitually gone in the morning to the delight of the children, who firmly believed that these grateful "little folk" had accepted the gift and would therefore remain friendly. So firmly were these tales impressed upon the children that the subject interviewed, a man of 60 years, and more than 40 years in America, recited during the interview, in all sincerity, how at one time he and a brother were stopped on the highway at midnight by a band of these faries, dressed in ancient costumes, and blessed for the family's good deeds. He declared they were but a foot in height, armed with tiny swords, and carrying pouches upon their backs in which they had stored the food gifts of the countryside. This mysticism seems to be

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prevalent among the Irish individuals interviewed.

The children's play was that of the normal child, consisting of unsupervised games common to that part of Ireland, and mostly of a boisterous, romping type. These games were divided between the few leisure hours at home and the brief periods of recreation permitted at school recesses.

The family's economic status was that of the small landholder, the freeman who was not required to pay rent for his acreage to wealthy large landholder of both Irish and English descent but considerably better than the peasants and "sharecroppers." Extreme thrift was habitually practiced, the father's income being frugally banked, while the products of dairy and chicken yard were hid away against need in stocking, bed and hearth by the thrifty mother.

There was little or no family group recreation, although the father and mother were jolly and kind toward the children and watchful of their wants and happiness. No pre-school training was attempted other than the possible development of imaginative powers in the children's minds by oft-repeated tales of folk-lore and tradition.

The subject, as a child, was given six years of formal grade school education, all that the community school provided and the average amount enjoyed in the rural districts of Ireland. Beyond this, it was essential that the student go to Dublin for additional training and this was followed in a

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majority of cases only when the youth planned to enter priesthood. The subject entered school at the age of six, a government public school at which both boys and girls were entered. The school was a two-story stone structure in the nearby village and attended by about 275 students. The boys and girls attended separate classes and even the playgrounds were divided so that there was absolutely no mixing between the sexes. The courses taught were elementary ones, such as reading, writing, mathematics, history and some Latin. In the course of their history classes they were taught of those local heroes who may have taken a leading part in local agitation, principally against the encroaching English, and those who had been unusually generous and so became beloved during the several periods of Irish famine, such as the famous "potato famines." Subject does not recall the names of any of these.

Little singing was practiced and that only of a nature having to do with government propaganda, and in addition, religious songs and chants. He was taught to revere and glorify the ancient history of his country, both factual and legendary. The subject attended school for six years, reaching the highest grade of the rural education, then returning home where he labored for his father. The only outside or outside reading consisted of Catholic publications of a religious nature.

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There were no actual community festivals celebrated, although this county being a noted one for the breeding of fine horses, was the scene annually of the Cavan County Horse Fair. This was the high point of the year for the children as well as the adults, all work being cancelled except the essential ones of stock feeding and milking, and the entire family attended daily for a week's period. A typical country fair was enjoyed, the finest of horses and livestock being exhibited for prizes and sale, farm products displayed and racing enjoyed daily, both flat and steeple-chasing. Punch and Judy shows, contra-dancing and wrestling occupied the other entertainment features. While the fathers sold and traded horses and stock, the children, shepherded by watchful mothers, romped with neighbor children, bought sweets and stared at the "foreign" entertainers. Square dancing was a great feature of the general jollification, horse spring platforms being built and musicians from the entire countryside fiddling by night and day. From the father's standpoint, the fair was of a serious nature, practically all surplus livestock being disposed of to buyers from Dublin and even England, while particularly well trained running and jumping horses were entered in the races for considerable purses.

St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, was a day of leisure and home entertainment, as was Christmas and New Years. These holidays were purely a neighborhood affair, the menfolk generally visiting from house to house, enjoying extraordinary

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repeats supplemented by liberal portions from the "little brown jug."

Marriages and births were observed in the community by the making of gifts, visits from the priests and occasionally by a charivari by the younger neighbors. Deaths were observed, as a rule, by "wakes" at which the neighbors came to sit for hours and recite the virtues of the deceased, as well as to drink to his spirit in whiskey while they smoked their tobacco clay pipes.

The older members of the community clung tenaciously to the costumes of their ancestors. Among the women this included a white fluted tulle cap, a three-bordered hand-woven colored shawl, an apron of intricate design and voluminous skirts and petticoats, stockings of white or gray home-woven wool and heavy brogue or sabots. The waists were of tightly laced basque type, stitched or embroidered in colors. Night-caps were generally worn, of careful design, and tied under the chin. The nightgown was made of heavy muslin, trimmed with Hamburg lace, plenty of tucks in the yoke and trailing on the floor.

The older men wore woolen shirts beneath smocks belted at the waist, knee breeches tied with ribbons above the knee, long woolen stockings and extremely heavy brogue. This was all topped with a round cloth or leather hat with conical crown and sometimes adorned with cock feathers.

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There was no adult entertainment of any kind in the town, all intercourse with the neighbors being in their homes. There were no libraries or cultural centers and all activity centered strictly in the individual home.

At the age of 18 the subject had seen a number of his older brothers and sisters marry and create homes of their own. The girls were furnished with doweries while the boys were given slices of the home farm so that there was not a great deal left, either of finances or land. It was a discouraging outlook for the "baby of the family," so that when offered a cash sum if he desired to emigrate, the subject snatched the opportunity to try his fortune in the fabulous land of America.

The subject arrived in New York City by steerage at the age of 18. His only training was a poor agricultural one - the training and sale of horses and livestock and a rough tutoring in tending bar in the village "pub." He had no definite plans for a career, but believed, as did other home town lads, that America was a land of gold and that fortune could be picked up on the streets.

His first impressions of this country was bitterly disappointing, as he was bewildered, lonesome and confused. Finding shortly a boarding place with an Irish family who had earlier come to this country from his home county, he sought employment and finally was given work in a saloon in an Irish

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section of the big city. After several years of this work he had accumulated sufficient funds to permit him to travel. He decided to see more of the great United States, traveling westward through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, working as a farrier, trading horses, buying crops and selling to commission houses, and at times, working in the railroad shops of the middle-west.

Eventually he resumed work as a bartender in Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Canada and western Canadian cities. He later drifted to Butte, Montana and worked in the saloons of that state where he eventually became a proprietor and amassed a competence.

While in Montana he married a German-American widow with whom he is still living. They have no children of this union but his wife had two daughters and a son by a previous marriage, their father having been a Canadian. They were very small children at the time of their mother's marriage to Brady and grew up with a speaking knowledge of German, a scattered bit of Gaelic, a comprehensive understanding of both Irish and German folklore and a reasonable education in American schools.

The family reads nothing but American publications, belongs to no native clubs or societies and are splendid examples of products of the American "melting pot."

Their economic position is vastly improved over that in the native country. Only American holidays are observed, other than perhaps the wearing of a shamrock on March 17.

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The children know nothing of the countries from which their parents sprang, other than by word of mouth and what they have been taught in American schools. The subject became an American citizen within a few years of reaching this country, and regularly votes the Democratic ticket-- straight. He declares that he has vastly improved his financial status; has been broadened by the adventures in this country beyond anything possible in his home land, but admits a constant nostalgia for old Erin, which he hopes some day to alleviate by a visit there in company of his family. He further confesses that while he has constantly missed the homely things of his homeland, he probably would not be content to remain there permanently even though he might live there now in comparative affluence.

He is a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World, a member of the Long Beach Catholic Church, reads the local papers and the Irish Freeman, belongs to his local union and declares himself not an Irishman, but an American.

Everett G. Short
5-17-37
Edit. Holland -5-17-37

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY: IRISH

Margaret O'Malley was born May 12, 1900, in Loughreagh, Conneught, Ireland, which is in the extreme west of Ireland, and is the daughter of Patrick and (Biddy) O'Malley, tenant farmers on the estate of a branch of the Leinster family, nobility in the northeast part of the country. She was brought to this country when she was 12 years of age by her aunt and uncle, who had adopted her, and was educated later as a trained nurse.

Miss O'Malley has served on the staff of a Long Beach hospital but is acting as office assistant to a well-known Irish-bom physician in the Professional Building of that city at the present time.

Except for the earliest years of her life in Ireland when living conditions in her old home were cruelly hard, Miss O'Malley has led both a happy and fortunate existence, succeeding admirably in her chosen profession, and in addition to enjoying the devotion of her aged aunt and uncle, has won a legion of friends throughout the country and particularly in Southern California.

Margaret's recollection of her earlier years at home are no longer of the clearest as she left there at such an early age, but she has second hand knowledge of many things told her by her foster parents who snatched her from a thoroughly

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miserable existence. Her father was practically destitute, Their extremely humble home was in a wild and rugged country on the edge of the downs which lead to the sea. Lashed by gales and raw cold weather, it was a most forbidding country a great part of the year. The land was poor, crops uncertain and the landlords severe upon the tenantry who struggled so hard to live. Her father was a charcoal burner; cut peat from a small bog near the house and worked when employment was possible as a mason on the estates from which he rented. There was seldom sufficient to eat, and even then only the coarsest of fare. She was the baby of the family, there being a much older brother who died before reaching maturity. In the bitter winter when she was 12 years of age, her mother passed away which event led to her adoption by her maternal uncle and emigration to the United States through the port of Boston.

At 6 years of age she was given some private instruction by a spinster in the village, a former school teacher who took pity on the lonely youngster and attempted to get her a start in her schooling. This continued until she was 9 years of age when she entered the village school, a link in the county school system. Upon arrival in America she was promptly entered in the Boston public school system where she made splendid strides, graduating from high school with honors and entering training as a nurse at St. Vincent's hospital and completing her training at Bellevue hospital in New York City.

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The failing health of her aunt brought the decision 7 years ago that the family seek a kindlier climate, and they moved to Long Beach, where Miss O'Malley immediately found employment in her profession.

Miss O'Malley is a citizen, acquiring that status as soon as suffrage was possible for her. She has never married, apparently preferring her professional career to that of a domestic one. She is a member of the Professional Women's Club, St. Anthony's Church, one or two social clubs as well as the Jefferson Club, a political organization. She is interested in the civic affairs of her adopted city, a keen analyst of conditions affecting the welfare of the same and a reader of the better class publications.

Miss O'Malley professes absolute indifference toward the country of her birth. She remembers it only for its bitterness and with no desire to ever even visit it were such a trip possible. She states that she reads no publications from that country, although has kept a casual eye through American press notices on political changes which have occasionally taken place in Ireland, in the same manner that any American citizen would show an interest in general world news.

Miss O'Malley has no hesitation in expressing herself forcibly at the question as to whether she has bettered herself by coming to this country. The facts, she declares, are evidence clear enough. She thinks of herself only as an American and the betterment is of course self evident.

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This family came from Ireland in the year 1905, and landed in San Francisco where they found quite a few Irish people who had been established for some time. The man who is the subject of this interview is now thirty-five years of age and married to an Irish girl of San Francisco. They now have two children, a boy and a girl aged, respectively, eighteen and twenty years.

Since he was only about ten years old when he arrived here, he, of course, went to school here and became, therefore, an American in his manners. His father was a plumber in Ireland and they decided to come to the United States on account of the higher wages being paid here for skilled labor. While they did not have any business of their own, they had to look for employment, but as San Francisco had a great number of Irish people, it was not hard for this man to get employment. The father and mother are not living any more, and this son, living here with his wife and two children, followed his father's vocation and is employed here as a plumber. On account of present conditions he only gets three, and sometimes, four days a week work, but being a union man and an experienced worker, he will always earn an average wage of twenty-five to thirty dollars per week. This, of course, enables him to take care of his family. Soon the children will have finished high school so they will be able to help their father and mother and see more prosperous days.

They still maintain the old European customs and this man's

son, only eighteen years old, very often works in warehouses of food stores at night. He works from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night and then rises at six in the morning to do his school homework. This means that this boy is kept busy continuously in work and study, and when he is finished with high school, he will be able to make his living because he is willing to work and has his muscles well developed for doing heavy work as well. Therefore, when he is nineteen years old he can be proud of being descended from a family of skilled laborers and of the fact that he has learned how to work as well as study. Because of his training, this boy has a chance for a good future.

While this family has no property, they are none the less good citizens, and we can see it from the way in which the children were brought up. They are two lovely children with nice, quiet manners and especially obedient to their parents. This, of course, is of great benefit to the city and nation, as whenever they obey their parents, they obey their city and country laws and also make and set examples to the other youth whom they contact.

One of the reasons why this family today is content and happy is that they had the advantage of meeting people from their own country who immediately got them a start.

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March 6, 1935.

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An American Workington.
(Born in Ireland)

I am a native of County Cork, Ireland. My boyhood was spent in a small village near Inceestown.

My father and mother worked in a linen mill near our home. I was the youngest of six children and my older sister looked after me while ~~my~~^{our} parents were away.

My schooling was short but I learned to read, write and do ~~sums~~^{sums}. As soon as I was ~~thor~~^{thor} to be old enough, I went to work in the mill.

When I was 17 I wanted to go to sea. I hung around the docks at Inceestown and after while got a job on a small steamer that went off to the mail boats that sailed between America and Europe. We would take off the mails & transfer them to the railroads for quick forwarding to

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thus gaining much time in
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This work brought me in
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With this in mind I was
on the lookout for a job on an
American ship. When the
opportunity came I shifted to
a ship sailing between N. Y.
and the West Indies. By this
time I was fast 21 so I took up
my first papers for naturalization.
I got to be quartermaster
in the line. I was now sailing
and stayed on this job
for several years meantime



studying navigation and reading
up on maritime laws and
kindred subjects.

As soon as I got my full
citizenship papers I went up for
my license as 3rd officer on
American ships and soon
after got a job on a freighter
bound for the Pacific Coast
via Str. of Majellan. I made
two trips on this ~~line~~ run then
our ship was transferred to
a run between San Francisco
and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec
with freight for transshipment
via the Tehuantepec railroad
to another ship on the Atlantic
Coast for delivery to ports on that
side.

When the Panama Canal
opened we made the trip via
that route direct to New York
and other Atlantic ports. By that
time I was sailing as second
officer.

During the early part of the European war we ran the submarine blockade and carried all sorts of cargo to British ports from any point on this side of the Atlantic that we were sent to. It was nerve ~~wracking~~ work, going thru the submarine zone and we had many a scare but no attacks.

When the U.S. entered the war I enrolled in the Naval Reserve and was made an ensign and assigned to a supply transport that made many trips to Bordeaux.

The strain and hard work on these trips told on me and shortly after the war was over my health broke down.

The Navy department sent me to Colorado Hot Springs to recuperate and I spent nine

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months there.

After my discharge from the Navy hospital I was sent back to S.F. and soon after got a job with my old company on their S.F. wharf.

I am still at the same job and have charge of the loading and unloading gear. Am married and have a family and feel no hankering to get back to sea. No, I do not want to go back to Ireland except maybe for a visit if I could afford it.

Edward Jordan.

I am a native of County Cork, Ireland. My boyhood was spent in small village near Queenstown.

My father and mother worked in a linen mill near our home. I was the youngest of six children and my older sister looked after me while our parents were away.

My schooling was short but I learned to read, write and do sums. As soon as I was thought to be old enough, I went to work in the mill.

When I was seventeen I wanted to go to sea. I hung around the docks at Queenstown and after while got a job on a small steamer which went off to the mail boats which sailed between America and Europe. We would take off the mails and transfer them to the railroads for quick forwarding to all parts of the British Isles, thus gaining much time delivery.

This work brought me in contact with ships and their officers and I got a chance to go as sailor on one of the Cunard liners and made several trips to New York. It soon became apparent to me that advancement on the Cunard line would be slow, boys with influence behind them were getting the preference.

With this in mind, I was on the lookout for a job on an American ship. When the opportunity came, I shifted to a ship sailing between New York and the West Indies. By this time I was past twenty-one so I took out my first papers for natural-

ization.

I got to be a quarter-master on the line I was now sailing for and stayed on this job for several years, meantime, studying navigation and reading up on maritime law and kindred subjects.

As soon as I got my full citizenship papers I went up for my license as third officer on American ships and soon after got a job on a freighter bound for the Pacific Coast via the Straits of Magellan. I made two trips on this run then our ship was transferred to a run between San Francisco and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec with freight for transshipment via the Tehuantepec railroad to another ship on the Atlantic Coast for delivery to ports on that side.

When the Panama Canal opened we made the trip via that route direct to New York and also other Atlantic ports. By that time I was sailing as second officer.

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Nov 25
Mrs. B. - Irish
Age a secret.

Janine Sharman
11/20/35

Aside from Mrs. B's charming accent, the origin of which most people find it difficult to trace, it is amazing what Americanization has done to this full blooded colleen. With her American husband and her eighteen year old son, life goes blithely and laughingly on. An unexpected quip and a bit of dry humor in every sentence. Difficult phases of existence are refused in their apparent seriousness. A vein of humorous philosophy invariably turns the tide and what apparently was a catastrophe, is turned aside and becomes an integral of a normal plane.

Twenty years ago, Mrs. B. was an Irish belle of the highest social strata in Belfast, Ireland. Her father was and is a distiller of that liquid joy, whiskey - enjoys a good business and contributes his bit toward the gayety of this American nation. Mrs. B., as a colleen, learned to toil as other girls - is a good cook, gardener, and can make beautiful lace. She met her husband while he was on a business trip to Belfast, Ireland, that business being ~~insurance~~ ^{IMPORTING}. Very soon after their marriage Mrs B. Severed all ties with her homeland and set forth from Liverpool, England, for a new world and a new life with a new husband. In the spring of 1915, she set foot on the shores of Boston. This was Mr. B's home and the Irish bride was feted, partied and dined at considerable length. She still remembers how intrigued her new friends were with her Irish chatter and made her repeat words or phrases that caught their fancy. She remained in Boston for a year and business took Mr. B and family to Chicago - here for ten years and then on to Los Angeles.

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Mrs. B. has far from lost her identity in marriage. She has retained her individuality and contributed happiness and constructive living to all with whom she has come in contact. She writes lyrical rhyming lines, but only for her own pleasure - some day she may relent and make some attempt at having them published. Now they are only a hobby. In Chicago she learned stenography - the art of deciphering lines and hooks into any language so intrigued her that nothing could prevent her from taking up the study seriously. She has used it many times and finds it an invaluable asset in club work and even in assisting her husband. She is a member of many clubs, philanthropic and social and almost invariably holds an executive position.

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Mrs. H. - Irish
Age 28 years.

Jessie Sherman
11/20/22

Aside from Mrs. H.'s charming accent, the origin of which some people find difficult to trace, it is interesting that Americanization has done to this full-blooded colleen. With her American husband and her eighteen year old son, life has been happily and laughingly an unexpected quip and a bit of dry humor in every sentence. Difficult phases of existence are relished in their sporting seriousness. A vein of humorous philosophy inevitably turns the tide and what apparently was a catastrophe, is turned aside and becomes an incident of a normal plane.

Twenty years ago, Mrs. H. was an Irish belle of the highest social status in Belfast, Ireland. Her father was and is a distiller of that liquid joy, whiskey - enjoyed a good business and contributed his bit toward the glory of the Northern section. Mrs. H., as a colleen, learned to tell as good a tale, is a good cook, gardener, and has some beautiful face. She met her husband while he was on a business trip to Belfast, Ireland, and a business trip to America. Very soon after their marriage Mrs. H. covered all time with her needle and set forth from Liverpool, England, for a new world and a new life with a new husband. In the spring of 1912, she set foot on the shores of Boston. This was Mr. H.'s home and the Irish birds sang. Partied and danced at fashionable resorts. She still remembers how intrigued her new friends were with her Irish accent and how they repeat words or phrases that catch their fancy. She remained in Boston for a year and business took Mr. H. and early to Chicago.

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PAUL KATHLIN
PAPERSON, DENNIS H. / 11-11-11

XVII B Irish

PAUL KATHLIN
PAPERSON, DENNIS H. / 11-11-11

